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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 149
LOOKING FOR A COMPROMISE 152
THE HABSBURGS AGAIN? 153
A LONDON DIARY 155
THIS ENGLAND 156
COST OF LIVING IN IRELAND TO-DAY 156
NICE BEHAVIOUR. By Y.Y. 157
FEE, FI, FO, FUM! By Sagittarius 158
A BIOLOGIST'S RETORT. By H. Collier . . . 158
CORRESPONDENCE 160
From F. A. St. J. Brown; J. F. Rees; G. A. Paley; Cicely M. Craven; L. J. Cadbury; Robert Randall; S. K. R.; Ernest E. Taylor.
TUTTY. By G. M. Young 162
BABYLON. By Siegfried Sassoon 162
THE PROMENADES. By W. J. Turner . . . 163
ANGELS OVER MALVERN. By Ivor Brown . . 163
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 164
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 165
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Cyril Connolly 166
Gestalt Psychology. By S. Sprott . . . 167
Moloch, Mammon and ——. By R. Ellis Roberts 168
Rogues, Male and Female. By E. B. C. Jones . 170
Organised Cruelty. By Raymond Mortimer . 170
A Biographical Thriller. By Frances Gregg-Wilkinson 172
Imprisonment for Debt. By T. Hampton . . 173
The Feet of the Young Men. By Richard Church 174
A Left Review 174
SHORTER NOTICE 175
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 175
CROSSWORD 178

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE fate of Abyssinia, of Italy, and of the League itself still hangs in the balance at Geneva as we write. The opening meeting of the Council on Wednesday afternoon was an affair of only half an hour; the important discussions took place behind the scenes and lasted well into the night. Mr. Eden was resolute in upholding the rights of the League against Baron Aloisi's contentions, and he appears to have succeeded in putting some stiffening into M. Laval. It was eventually proposed that the Conciliation Commission should resume its sittings forthwith, with a fifth arbitrator agreed to by Italy, that the Council itself should meet again on September 4th, and that in the meantime "conversations" should be pursued between France, Great Britain and Italy. These proposals were submitted to Signor Mussolini, and it is just possible that he may not reject them out of hand. He may even hope to use the opportunity to get some sort of League sanction for his aggression. The proposals settle nothing against him—except the point of the League's competence to discuss the whole dispute. But his answer will presumably make it plain whether or no he means to have war in any circumstances and at all costs.

Dr. Colijn Carries On

Dr. Colijn is back again as Prime Minister of Holland, and the guilder is to be saved all over again by the approved methods of economy and deflation. It seems to be clear that the Crown played a considerable part in bringing about this ending of the crisis; for the Queen, when she sent for the leader of the Catholic malcontents, explicitly refused a mandate for a coalition Government of Catholics and Socialists. This being the only practicable alternative to Dr. Colijn's coalition, the return of the old Government, with only minor changes, was from that moment really inevitable. So Mr. Colijn is back, and the process of squeezing wages and cutting down social services in order to keep on the gold standard at the existing parity is to be resumed. Presumably even Dr. Colijn will now be compelled to take some exceptional steps designed to force down *rentier* incomes and reduce the cost of living, probably on the model of M. Laval's recent decrees in France. But the policy is not likely to be more than half-heartedly pursued by a Government very much in the hands of the banking and financial interests; nor does it seem probable that Dr. Colijn will be more successful now than he has been so far in "saving" the guilder except at the cost of severe economic depression. The orthodox interests have patched up their Government for the time being; but the crisis is likely to recur before long, and next time

it may not be so easy for the Crown to stand in the way of a Socialist–Catholic coalition on the Belgian model.

Nazis and Jews

The new chief of police in Berlin, Count Helldorf, may have surprised some good Nazis by his warning against individual acts of Jew-baiting. But the reports from all quarters of Germany show that he has not stopped these outrages, whilst official persecution has been intensified—especially in the case of "Aryans" associating with Jewesses, or of Jews with Aryanesses. Moreover, Herr Hans Hinkel, a henchman of Dr. Goebbels, is preparing a new cultural push. His policy is to make a sort of moral and intellectual ghetto, to confine Jewish artists, actors and writers within the bounds of their own cultural organisation, which, as he puts it, the Nazis have so "magnanimously" founded for them. This general threat is apparently to be followed by a particular ban on Jewish booksellers. By way of contrast the regulations regarding the military service of Jews look positively pro-Semitic. No doubt the Reichswehr authorities are less infected than the civil fanatics with racial prejudice. But in effect all they are doing is to give the pariahs the privilege of being cannon fodder.

Congress on the Leash

The new American taxes are, after all, very small beer. Even after the widening amendments adopted in the House of Representatives this week, the new surtax will not affect any incomes of less than $50,000, which is five times as high as the surtax limit in this country. The total revenue expected from all the new taxes is only about $200,000,000, which looks very small beside either the prospective deficit for the current year or the sum now being raised by the disputed processing taxes now under review by the Supreme Court. Nevertheless, the Conservative interests are likely to launch a strong attack on the Tax Bill when it reaches the Senate, not so much because of its immediate consequences as from the fear that it may provide a basis for far more drastic instalments of redistributive taxation in the near future. Apart from the Tax Bill, Congress is now hard at work drawing up, by conference between the two Houses, the final text of a number of the major measures of the session. These include the Social Security Bill, the Banking Bill, the new Agricultural Adjustment Bill, the Bill dealing with the future of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and a number of others. The President's best hope of getting these measures enacted in an acceptable form lies in the growing eagerness of Congressmen to escape from Washington for the summer holidays. But that cuts both ways, since the Opposition also hopes to drive the President into yielding by holding up his plans.

A Permanent Subsidy

The beet-sugar growers are to get their subsidy without a time-limit. In other words, we are to go on subsidising this crop, without even the pretence that it may become economic in time. It is something that for the future the subsidy is to be limited to a definite acreage—that of 1935—and that the beet-sugar factories are to be compulsorily combined into a sort of corporation to some extent under public control. The fact remains that the British taxpayer is called upon to subsidise in perpetuity a ludicrously uneconomic industry. This beet-sugar subsidy has been scandalously expensive for the taxpayers; and the money that has been spent on it could certainly have been used to far better purpose in helping agriculture in other ways. A subsidy once started on the wrong lines is usually difficult to withdraw. What, say the farmers of Lincolnshire and the neighbouring counties, shall we grow if the taxpayer no longer pays for our sugar beet? And so we have not only the indefinite continuance of the subsidy, but also the virtual guarantee of continued profits to the factories. One could scarcely have a better example of the vice of uncoordinated, unplanned subsidies for the benefit of chance groups of private employers.

The Ribbon Mischief

The Ribbon Development Bill passed its third reading in the Commons on Monday, after a storm raised by a number of Tories more concerned for private privilege than public interest. In Standing Committee an amendment was carried against the Government, giving a right of appeal to the Courts from the decision of a highway authority to limit building beside, or access to, a road. It was a deliberate attempt to weaken the Bill, as Mr. Hore-Belisha showed in an able speech, and it was happily deleted. Despite this, however, the Bill is a pitiful thing. It widens the space between the ribbons, but it does not prevent the continuance of ribbon development. It does not apply to unclassified roads, and the "development" of country lanes is going on apace. Moreover, the zeal of local authorities for dealing with the ribbon mischief will inevitably be curbed by the prospect of saddling the rates with the heavy price that will be exacted by owners of land. It can be claimed, no doubt, that the traffic problem will be eased. But that, important though it may be, is not the main problem. The main problem, as Mr. Wilmot put it, is the unregulated exploitation of the countryside and its amenities for private profit. And, even without the right of appeal to the Courts, the exploiters are left, as the *Times* assured them a week or two ago, with ample safeguards against effective interference by the community.

Jerry-building

From ribboning the mind turns easily enough to jerry-building in general. This villainy is widespread and serious. There are no accepted standards of materials which can be enforced on all builders, and vast numbers of houses are being constructed with rotten mortar and concrete and bricks and wood. A deputation from the National Federation of Building Operatives has just been to see the Minister of Health on this matter. Sir Kingsley Wood was sympathetic, but held out no hopes of legislation to enforce proper standards. He said, however, that his department was pressing the local authorities to insist on the rigid observance of their by-laws, and that he was giving attention to a scheme of suitable standard specifications which is being prepared by the Committee of the Employers' Federation, under the chairmanship of Sir Raymond Unwin. The essence of this scheme, we gather, is a register of honest builders. That, no doubt, would afford a guarantee to any honest and competent local authority, or to any sensible individual, contracting for the building of a house. But it still leaves scope for the unscrupulous speculative builder to exploit unwary

innocents. Why should not the building and selling of a rotten house be treated, like the selling of rotten meat, as a punishable offence?

The Busmen's Holiday

The busmen, encouraged by one or two small successes, tried a lightning strike over a much larger field last week-end. We do not profess to know how far the new schedules of duty to which they object provide a real grievance, or how far the strike was really a product of "agitators" profiting by the hot weather and the holiday spirit. At all events, the larger stoppage provoked prompt retaliation both by the London Passenger Transport Board and by the leaders of the Transport Workers' Union. Between these two bodies there exists an elaborate and on the whole well-devised scheme for negotiation when differences arise, with an agreement that there shall be no stoppages of work until the recognised procedure has been exhausted. The men clearly broke this undertaking, and thereby laid themselves open to disciplinary action by both the Union and the L.P.T.B. The significance of this type of unauthorised strike is that it shows that distrust of recognised leadership exists among at least a section of workers. But neither they nor the working-class movement as a whole will profit by such strikes unless the grievances are real and publicly known. If only for this reason, the agreed procedure should be complied with and a real attempt made to settle each issue by negotiation. The prompt collapse of the movement when the L.P.T.B. threatened dismissals, and the Union made it clear that the men would get no support, has emphasised the fact that Trade Unionists cannot have matters both ways. They cannot have both the advantage of agreed negotiating machinery and the right to stop work without notice whenever they feel like making a demonstration, or even merely taking a day or two off.

The L.C.C. Gets a Move On

The last meeting of the London County Council before the summer holidays began with a protest by the Leader of the Opposition against an overloaded agenda paper. There does not seem to have been much substance in this; most of us will be glad that, as Mr. Morrison said, the Council is in haste and in earnest about "doing things." Among the things discussed and decided at this meeting were the joining by a new broad traffic way of the Cromwell Road and the Great West Road (this was supported by the Tories); the extension of the County Hall at a cost of £1,000,000 (also approved by the Tories); and reforms of hours and of work in the county hospitals. It is proposed to introduce women "orderlies" to do cleaning work in a dozen hospitals, and thus reduce the hours of the nursing staff to fifty-four a week. Why anyone should have opposed this, as some did, we do not understand; there is surely no good reason for making probationer nurses scrub floors. A proposal which does, on the face of it, need defending is the appropriation of thirty acres of Hackney Marshes for housing purposes. Mr. Morrison's defence is that these thirty acres have never been used as playing fields, and that they will be compensated for by the provision of an equal area of open space elsewhere, whilst 310 acres of the Marshes will still remain for sports; and that the land is urgently required for new accommodation for people cleared from slum areas. That appears to be an adequate answer to the critics.

"Imprisonment for Debt"

The Money Payments (Justices Procedure) Bill, brought from the Lords, has had a swift and smooth passage through the Commons on its second reading. Its purpose is to reform the unjust and stupid system which sends people almost automatically to gaol for non-payment of fines, rates, maintenance and affiliation orders. The number thus "imprisoned for debt" amounts, as Sir John Simon showed, to over 21,000 annually. Nobody can imagine that all of these, or any but a small percentage, are perverse and contumacious persons who wish to defy the Court or cheat their creditors. The main provision of the Bill is that magistrates shall not in fining an offender impose on him at the same time a period of imprisonment in default of payment, but that a competent court must make inquiries as to his means in his presence before he is committed to prison. Miss Rathbone pleaded the cause of the many women who suffer from the non-enforcement of maintenance and affiliation orders, and she is evidently right in demanding remedies which they are not given in this Bill. But, judged by what it will do rather than by what it will not, it is a good Bill.

Mr. Lloyd George and "The Next Five Years"

Mr. Lloyd George is pleased with the progress of the Council for Action. Reports from all over the country show that there is general discontent with the Government and not too much enthusiasm for the Labour Party. The fluid vote is larger than ever. The Stewart Report on South Wales and the Government's deplorable exhibition in the debate on the Special Areas come at exactly the right moment to emphasise the need for a reformist development policy. And the publication of *The Next Five Years* (Macmillan, 5s.) shows that "Socialistic" views are widely held among leading men of various political affiliations. The book—a document of more than three hundred quite readable pages—is described as "An Essay in Political Agreement" which embodies "a far-reaching but attainable Programme of Action." As a programme it is more socialistic than Mr. Lloyd George's, and indeed appears to us to represent very fairly the real opinions of many of the more right wing Labour leaders. The numerous signatories contain a few "cross-bench" political names. Mr. Harold Macmillan for example—most of the few National Labour members who are not in the Government—Lord Allen and Lord Elton of course—economists like Sir Arthur Salter and public men as various as Desmond McCarthy, H. W. Nevinson, H. G. Wells, Gilbert Murray, Professor Alexander and David Low. From the electoral point of view Mr. Lloyd George naturally welcomes so remarkable a group as possible support for the kind of Government he wants. His calculation is that the next election may return a middle group of possibly fifty or sixty M.P.s pledged to an advanced but rather indefinite expansionist programme. He might then be in a position to face either the more advanced Conservatives or the more moderate Labour members to co-operate in translating the Council for Action into a Government.

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LOOKING FOR A COMPROMISE

THERE were only three conceivable ways of handling the Abyssinian dispute—to apply the machinery of the Covenant, to search for a diplomatic "compromise," or to leave Abyssinia to defend herself as well as she could. The first course was never taken seriously. The argument used to justify inaction in the case of Japan—that sanctions could not be adopted or even threatened effectively—could scarcely be advanced in the case of so vulnerable a country as Italy, but the fear that serious opposition would drive Mussolini into making up his quarrel with Hitler proved equally efficacious. Only the extent of Mussolini's war preparations, the extravagance of his speeches, the unexpected degree of sympathy shown to Abyssinia particularly by coloured races (including, ironically enough, Japan) and fear of the repercussions that may follow a total collapse of the League system have moved France to join with England in the present attempts at pulling Mussolini out of the mess he has made for himself. In any case, sanctions are not going to be applied or even threatened. The choice then is between some sort of compromise and war.

What compromise is possible? The suggestion that Italy might have a "mandate" over Abyssinia is too crude; it would make us parties to the destruction of Abyssinian independence without preventing war. Abyssinia would fight as vigorously against an Italian mandate as an Italian conquest. And she would obviously be right, for Italian aggression backed by the League would be no better for her than Italian aggression in defiance of the League. Something subtler is wanted and Mussolini has made subtlety difficult. What would be the effect if we approached him with some such words as these? "We realise, Duce, that our interference appears to you so much hypocrisy. By force and fraud we have won in the past one-fifth of the earth's surface; and now when you want to expand in obedience to the law of capitalist States and gain control of one of the few rich unallotted backward areas, we stand in your way. We agree that this looks mean on our part. But consider. The world has changed a good deal since we did so well in the partition of Africa two generations ago. World opinion was much less organised then. Black peoples were isolated from each other, had not fought in a European war, did not read newspapers, had not discovered a racial consciousness or applied for membership of a League of Nations. Seizing their territory was a much less disturbing game. Moreover, we did it with much more tact than you. We proceeded by stages. And we did not occupy a country until we had entered it for trading purposes after buying the consent of some of the local chiefs. We did not complete our conquest until we had provoked an already substantial incident which gave us a decent excuse. We never announced a war months ahead in defiance of treaties. And, you know, Geneva really does make a difference. It may have been a mistake ever to let Abyssinia into the League—we opposed Abyssinia's entry at the time while Italy supported it—but Abyssinia *is* a member and we cannot behave as if international treaties did not exist. As for keeping you out of the colonial world, we are willing, if you will give us a chance, to be quite reasonable. The recent offer of Zeila to Abyssinia, which we made the other day, at least showed that we are no longer irrevocably determined to stick to everything we have got without considering the needs of other people. If you will tell us what your case against Abyssinia is instead of shouting about restoring the glories of the Roman Empire, we are quite willing to meet you in any way we can. We suggest what you really need is not a difficult war, but an equal opportunity to share raw materials and markets. Possibly this might be arranged, and as for your population problem, you have been deliberately increasing your birthrate for ten years and we suggest the proper remedy is a little birth-control."

If Mussolini were approached in some such frank manner could war be averted? Several proposals have been made. The most promising was put forward in a letter in the *Times* of July 30th, signed by Lord Noel-Buxton and Sir John Harris. They suggest making use of the present crisis to help the Emperor develop Abyssinia and to carry out reforms (such as the abolition of slavery) which he desires to achieve but cannot for lack of money and authority. He has admittedly done his best, but with only partial success. Strict adherents of the Covenant, people who mind about the sanctity of treaties, people who prefer war to hypocrisy and people who distrust all fine phrases in diplomacy, will naturally object that, if these reforms had to be forced on Abyssinia, any time would have been more suitable than the moment when its independence is threatened from outside. It is possible, however, that, given sufficient safeguards, the Emperor of Ethiopia himself might take a different view. He is hard pressed and hard up. According to this proposal no one nation should be allowed to aggrandise itself exclusively in Abyssinia and a large League loan would be at the disposal of a competent officer, who would be appointed by the League in conjunction with the Emperor and the American Government, "to advise the Abyssinian Government in regard to administration and reform." Both the Ethiopian and Italian Governments would need assurances of the "absolute impartiality" of his administration. Lord Noel-Buxton and Sir John Harris point out that the League now has a large experience in such international administration, notably in the Saar and in the economic reconstruction of Austria and provision of advisers to the Chinese and other Governments. They conclude that such a scheme has long been desirable on its merits, and that it may provide a possible solution of the crisis, "subject to the will to peace by Italy."

But has Mussolini such a will to peace? It seems more than doubtful. He has declared again and again that he will be satisfied with nothing but an Italian protectorate. He has declared a crusade of Whites against Blacks. He is sending several hundred thousand troops to Africa, and has piled up a mountain of debt in providing them with weapons and provisions. He is probably almost the only person in Italy who wants the war. Every one of his soldiers who returns to his village with dysentery or malaria—and Italian ships are coming back through the Suez Canal with twelve hundred sick Italian soldiers at a time—is a missionary against the war. How can Mussolini save his face without a Roman triumph? If he went personally to Adowa and made a speech about the greatness of the Caesars and his own achievement in wiping out a blot on the splendid history of Italian arms, would that

be sufficient? Or might he be content with a war memorial set up to the soldiers who have already died (dysentery and malaria not being mentioned) in the great Italian war against Abyssinia? Hollywood could stage him a victory film which could be shown in all Italian cinemas. But we doubt whether such devices would altogether save him from censure even in Fascist Italy. It seems likely that he would only accept a League settlement without a war if it infringed the essential condition laid down by Lord Noel-Buxton and Sir John Harris—that the League Commissioner should not favour any particular nation and should not, in fact, hand over the substance of power over Abyssinia to Italy. And if it did infringe that condition the Emperor of Ethiopia would obviously prefer to fight.

The betting is heavily against Mr. Eden and M. Laval finding a compromise which Mussolini will look at and which would be acceptable to Abyssinia. If they fail there will be war and the Powers may yet regret that they made no effort to use the machinery of the Covenant while there was still time. It is, of course, possible that a war in Abyssinia may be localised, but it will have repercussions all over the world. There is not a "backward area" in the world where the White Powers will not feel the rumblings of Black discontent, if Italy is allowed unchecked to invade the territory of the last independent native country in Africa. And the repercussions in Europe may well be more serious than the possible effects of an attempt to use sanctions against Mussolini. The war in Africa is not likely to be an easy proposition. The country is ideal for guerrilla warfare and not convenient for the use of big guns. The Abyssinians will not try to repeat the victory of Adowa. They will watch with appreciation the columns of Italian troops marching into country whose secrets they alone understand. A recent incident may already have shown Mussolini how effectively the African can use the tactic of diverting a river near its source. The more savage, undeveloped and uncentralised a country is, the less vulnerable it is. Italy's aeroplanes may top the mountains and destroy the few Abyssinian towns. But aeroplanes cannot conquer Abyssinia. The Emperor of Ethiopia can wait for drought and disease and snipers to do their work. If Mussolini is aiming not merely at staging a spectacular entry into Abyssinia, but also at conquering it, he must prepare for a long and terrible war; he must reckon on his influence in Europe dwindling to nothing, with all that implies in danger to South-Eastern Europe. Whether his own dictatorship will survive the strain he must judge for himself. For our part we hazard the guess that prolonged war in Abyssinia will mean the end of Italian Fascism; what it will begin in Europe and Africa and Asia we cannot guess.

THE HABSBURGS AGAIN?

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA]

IT is a significant coincidence that within a week of the Austrian Government having abolished the so-called "anti-Habsburg laws" in Austria, a Vienna newspaper contained a four-line paragraph noting that "the Monument to the Republic on the Ringstrasse has now entirely disappeared, even the pedestal having been removed to-day." All official Government spokesmen have poured forth assurances that the new Habsburg measure was merely "the righting of an ancient wrong which the whole nation demanded," and that it was neither a preparation for, nor in any way connected with, schemes for a restoration, "which is not an immediate question." But Baron Wiesner, the official head of the Austrian Legitimist movement, has obligingly let the cat out of the bag in the columns of the Hungarian Monarchist newspaper *Magyarszag*, in which he is reported as saying (what, of course, everyone in Austria believes, despite Government assurances) that the abolition of these laws "means a considerable step forward for our movement." He couples this with an assertion that the general attitude in Austria towards a restoration has changed. "The whole peasantry, the Catholic workers, and further a considerable part of the Marxist workers, stand in serried ranks behind the Legitimist idea." Baron Wiesner goes on to declare that the Legitimist movement is the most powerful mass movement in Austria; abroad, Dr. Benes has become much quieter, but the Third Reich has become an energetic enemy of the Habsburg restoration.

This interview summarises the lines on which Legitimist propaganda is working at the moment, with the exception that it omits the favourite argument of them all, that the restoration of a Habsburg to the throne of present-day Austria is the only way to prevent for ever an Austro-German *Anschluss*. It is this argument which the champions of the Legitimists in Great Britain and France find most effective; in the view of the opponents of the Habsburgs in Austria and in all the Little Entente States, it is entirely fallacious. The *Prager Presse*, which is a paper not merely inspired, but actually financed and distributed as its propaganda organ by the Czechoslovak Foreign Office, has just come out with the most outspoken attack on the Habsburgs which has been seen since 1918. The views expressed, which must be taken as those of Dr. Benes himself, do not in the least bear out Baron Wiesner's assertions that Dr. Benes has become milder in tone, and there seems never to have been any difference of opinion in the Little Entente ranks concerning the necessity of opposition by every means to the Habsburgs.

The sudden decision of the Austrian Government to remove all legal barriers to a return of the young Pretender and his ambitious mother, and to surrender what had been for seventeen years State property to them and to eighty other rejoicing Archdukes, Archduchesses and their families, created alarm in Jugoslavia and Rumania. Even many who favour an eventual restoration are puzzled as to why this unpropitious moment should have been chosen to change the Habsburg laws. Nothing, of course, is done in present-day Austria without the sanction of Italy, but Mussolini has given no sign that he wants the Habsburgs back. Probably he does not want them, but certainly he fears them less than Germany and the *Anschluss*. One ingenious theory is that the Duce has repeated his tactics of July 25th, 1934, when he did not actively help Austria to suppress the Nazi *Putsch*, but assembled his troops on the Brenner and let Germany know that the first attempt by the Austrian Legion to invade Austria would be the signal for the Italian troops to cross the frontier. Similarly, it is suggested, before getting hopelessly involved in Abyssinia he considered the advisability of putting in the Habsburgs as his night-watchmen in Austria. Having told the Austrian Government to remove any legal obstacle to their return, but not to invite Zita and Otto back, he made it clear in Berlin that the first move against Austria while he was busy in Africa would mean an over-night Habsburg restoration, but while Germany left Austria alone he would see that the Habsburgs did the same. So runs this version.

As a direct result of the Habsburg law came the conference between Prince Paul and King Carol in Sinaia, to discuss the advisability in view of the immediate Habsburg danger, of giving full support to Germany's *Anschluss* plans. Here is to be found the only difference of opinion—the cooler head of Dr. Benes was not prepared to counsel leaping into the arms of the Nazi Scylla to escape the Habsburg Charybdis, but stood out, apparently successfully, for the continued steering of a middle course.

The Little Entente press has reminded everyone who was inclined to forget it, that on the Habsburg question no compromise is permissible. Not merely the Restoration, but the return of Zita and Otto to Austria would be treated as a hostile act on Austria's part. The Habsburgs, it has been made clear, are regarded now, as before and during the war, as tyrants on whose assurances no reliance can be placed.

The favourite argument that the Habsburgs would be a bar to Hitler's schemes in Austria is rejected by the Little Entente as entirely fallacious. A successful attempt at restoration might impose a formal barrier to the removal of the frontier posts between Austria and Germany, it is admitted, but the removal of these posts is only a very distant objective of Hitler's. His immediate object is political control in Austria, and to this a young ruling Archduke, King or Emperor, would be no barrier. How could he and his little State of six millions fail to become an instrument of German policy, when the wise old Francis Joseph, with an empire of 63 millions, inspired as he was with a lifelong hatred of the Prussians, fell into the German orbit? Even the present pro-Habsburg and Monarchist Government has had frequent—so far abortive—negotiations with the Nazis, both Austrian and German, and this would, of course, continue under the Habsburgs. The mere attempt at a restoration would throw the reluctant Little Entente into line with Germany in opposition to the immediate Habsburg danger; it would cause Germany herself to go again to extremes in Austria, and it would inflame a revolutionary movement among the Socialist masses and the Nazi minority which might well make temporary comrades of Nazis and Socialists in Austria.

For the constant assertion that there is a great popular monarchist movement in Austria, there is no evidence beyond assertion. The addresses of loyalty and conferring of honorary citizenship on Otto by village and parish councils, or even by town councils, from which all elements hostile to the Government have been removed, are practically meaningless. Those which occurred before the counter-revolution of February, 1934, had a meaning, while parish councils were representative of something. But they were comparatively few, and mostly from remote villages entirely dominated by the village priest. The declarations of loyalty made since absolutism was established in Austria could be multiplied indefinitely, of course, just as a Restoration Act could be passed unanimously through the various councils filled with Government nominees tomorrow; but that has nothing to do with popular support. After the endless political struggles since 1918, culminating in two bloody civil wars last year, such a political apathy and such fear of official persecution have descended on the masses that it is even possible that the Government could stifle internal opposition to a restoration for a considerable time. But this again has nothing to do with popular support, or even acquiescence. It merely signifies the power of the man with the big gun.

Active support for a restoration is furnished by the entire clergy, a little less than the whole of the former great aristocracy (in so far as its members are still Austrian subjects), the pre-war officers, and a good number of present-day officers. Passive support is obtainable from a high proportion of the peasantry where these are not Nazi, in a lukewarm degree from many of the Catholic workers, formerly organised in the Yellow (employers') Unions, and from many Vienna shopkeepers who sigh for Imperial pomp and spending. The Nazis in town and country, and the whole mass of the workers whose loyalty to Socialism and Republicanism, though mute and passive, is practically unimpaired, are bitterly hostile.

All the members of the Government profess Monarchist sympathies, but not all sincerely. Neither Prince Starhemberg nor his close supporter, the Foreign Minister Berger-Waldenegg, really want the Habsburgs back. Prince Starhemberg's dream, it is generally believed, is to do lip-service to them as long as is necessary, and meanwhile himself to become Führer in Austria and eventually in a Danubian conglomeration of States which would look very much like the old Austrian Empire. In Hungary the Habsburg cause is frowned upon by the present Government, and is in far less propitious circumstances than it was five years ago. But in Austria those people control the political machine who from the moment of the Revolution of 1918 made up their minds never to accept the democratic Republic with its Socialist capital, but to bide their time in order to put back the hands of the clock. Their task was rendered from the start less hopeless than might have been thought, by the fact that the revolution was a popular movement which was never carried to its logical conclusion—that is to say, it changed the political system of the State but left the administrative machinery practically untouched.

Until quite recently the open Monarchist movement in Austria was regarded by Republicans as a joke. But the unspoken determination of the men who ran the State machinery to keep the wheels turning in a republican direction only so long as it was impracticable to reverse them was anything but a joke. Nor was it a joke that most of the leaders of the Clerical minority, who ruled for so long with the support of the pan-German minority, were Monarchists at heart. The restoration of the Habsburgs would in fact be the triumph of the policy of that far-sighted prelate-politician Seipel, who probably first realised after the defeat of the general strike of July, 1927, that the goal might be obtainable within a lifetime.

The more recent developments of what is usually called Austria's "struggle for independence" lead many people to forget that for years Clericals, Heimwehr-Fascists, and those who are now Nazis, marched literally side by side in the advance against the real objective—the Republican State, the social legislation of the Social Democratic Party, and that party itself. Later the Heimwehr and Clericals parted company with the Nazis, thereby securing for themselves the exclusive privilege of crushing the Socialists and the spoils of victory. The quarrel was and is primarily that of two exponents of reaction as to who should bludgeon the exponents of progress.

Too much is often made of the protection which a Habsburg restoration might afford against the Nazis to Austria's large Jewish population. Those among the average Vienna Jews who do favour restoration do not forget the age-long association of Clerical monarchism with anti-Semitism, and accept the *pis aller* with some such phrase as "Tragic as it is to admit it, we must prefer the Habsburgs to the Nazis." A limited number of well-to-do, completely assimilated Jews are genuine Monarchists; the great bulk of the Jews are still, as before, Socialist or Communist, bitterly opposed to the Habsburgs.

There have been many recent signs that the split between Clerical reaction and Nazis may repeat itself between Heimwehr and Clericals, but neither side feels strong enough yet to stand alone. Should the Clericals triumph, the Monarchist aims will certainly be pushed forward; in the case of a Heimwehr triumph it would be less certain. The Heimwehr policy is influenced even more directly than is that of the Clericals by Italy.

The Little Entente believes that the conference in Sinaia has disposed of the immediate, but not the ultimate, Habsburg restoration danger. By making concessions to France in the matter of relations with Italy, and to Czechoslovakia and Rumania on the question of an early recognition of Soviet Russia, Jugoslavia believes that she has broken, for the moment at least, the power of the pro-Habsburg elements in France. Recent events have anyhow made it clear to the world that the Little Entente countries to-day put rigid opposition to the Habsburgs in the forefront of their programme. They have good reason. Despite all need for discretion, fanatical hatred of Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia can frequently be read between the lines of not only the purely Monarchist press in Austria, but of influential Clerical organs like the *Reichspost*, which for years has closely collaborated with the disruptive Croatian movement. These States know well that the activities of political Catholicism in their own country in its struggle against the orthodox and Hussite Churches are practically synonymous with a movement aiming at the ultimate destruction of the new States and the assimilation of their Catholic populations to a new Empire of the Catholic Habsburgs.

A LONDON DIARY

THE meeting was not a big affair—a couple of hundred coloured people, and perhaps fifty white. But I have never seen an Albert Hall meeting which impressed me as so significant an omen as this little gathering in Farringdon Street, called to enlist support for the Emperor of Abyssinia. Mussolini has appealed to the war spirit and declared a White crusade against Black barbarism. Naturally, the response is Black defiance of White barbarism. The speakers came from the West Indies, the Gold Coast, Kenya, Somaliland and Abyssinia itself. When they expressed a hope that the League of Nations or the British Government would see justice done, the audience was silent or ironical. When they declared that coloured people everywhere would fight and die free men rather than submit to the subjugation of the last independent native kingdom, the meeting yelled with enthusiasm. For Blacks to pour contempt on White civilisation is easy: Europe is not a good advertisement for civilisation, and civilised peoples have seldom behaved in a civilised way to the uncivilised. You had only to say the word "civilisation" to set this meeting jeering. Soon it was persuading itself that Abyssinia was the centre of true civilisation, and Europe of barbarism. Unconscious of irony, these coloured speakers, who have often surprising eloquence and use the language of Shakespeare and Milton better than most English speakers, were quoting Biblical passages about Ethiopia stretching forth her hand and reading Wordsworth's sonnet to the black hero of Haiti. All the literature of freedom—the product of white civilisation—is available for the discomfiture of white tyrants the world over. Africa was described as "the home of the free." We were reminded that "the British Empire is a coloured Empire." (A good and proper point this.) Most significant of all, the world war they prophesied was not between black and white, but between coloured and white; Japan, the most powerful coloured race, was called upon to champion the cause of international justice!

* * *

All my instinctive sympathies were with these coloured enthusiasts. But it was frightening to feel how the threat of war and the appeal to race may sweep away all sense of humour and proportion. I remembered that Abyssinia is ruled, in so far as it is ruled at all, by a Semitic oligarchy which retains its privileged position in a slave economy. The Abyssinians whom I have met in this country have usually been noticeably handsome, brown-faced people who regard "blacks" with about as much tolerance and understanding as an American cotton planter of the last century. I discussed this question at length with an English friend who occupied an official position in Abyssinia some years ago. He told me that domestic slavery itself was not so very terrible; docile slaves were fed and cared for like horses and cattle. They were seldom seriously maltreated unless they ran away, when the usual punishment was forty stripes with a giraffe-hide whip. The culprit sometimes survived. The serious part of the business was the raiding which supplied the slave market. It was carried out by unofficial brigands who depopulated whole districts. The province of Maji is said to have been reduced in population from 30,000 to 4,000 in the course of a generation, and raiding over the frontier into British territory has, of course, been frequent. It was calculated some years ago that some 10 per cent. of the population of a raided village actually reached the slave market. A few old people were left behind in the ruins. Able-bodied men were killed off as too much of a nuisance, and the majority of the rest died of hunger and thirst and ill-treatment on the way to the market. The Emperor, an enlightened and educated man, has done his best to end slavery and has made some progress. But his authority is imperfect and slavery deep-rooted in the social system. Ironically enough, nothing has so retarded his efforts as Italy's aggression. In view of an outside attack he dare not push reforms which antagonise the more conservative chiefs, and the money which is necessary to provide settlements on which liberated slaves may live is now all needed for the purchase of armaments.

* * *

Abyssinia is a country of disease—as the Italians are already finding out; a country where a feast consists of raw meat cut off, by each visitor, from the bloody carcase of a newly killed beast. (The eating of raw meat accounts for the fact that almost everyone there suffers from tape worm.) It is a country of great natural beauty, and no one yet knows what mineral wealth; a country where you may be eaten by lions or sniped at with a rifle if you go off the beaten track. It is a country in which to carry the testicles of your enemy is still considered the best proof of valour—as the Italians discovered at Adowa. I see that one of the Emperor's Governors has just reminded Marcelle Prat, who reported his conversation in the *Daily Telegraph*, that such mutilation would be a fittingly barbaric reply to the use of poison gas by the Italians. One barbarism no doubt deserves another. I say all this not in any way to excuse Mussolini, but merely as a warning to educated coloured people not to lose all sense of proportion.

* * *

A friend has written to put me right on one or two points. He tells me that some readers of my remarks on refugee settlement last week have imagined that the Committees dealing with relief of refugees are the same Committees that are uniting in the Freeland movement. This, of course, is not so. The Freeland groups have long existed for the exclusive purpose of founding settlements for Jews for whom there is not room in Palestine. In regard to the South American possibilities, I was perhaps too optimistic (not a fault of which I am often accused). The High Commissioner and his colleagues made a number of inquiries in South America and found possibilities for small scale settlement, but no site has yet been "approved." Lastly, I must make myself clearer about the extent of German help for Jewish refugees. I suggested (ironically) that the Nazis would naturally do what they could to help to get these sub-humans out of Germany. The extent of this help, such as it is, is confined to Palestinian emigrants and amounts to no more than aiding Jewish technical schools to train boys in preparation for life in Palestine, and relaxing, in their case, the currency restrictions which make emigration from Germany to any other country almost impossible.

* * *

Whereas Paris flaunts its great buildings with just pride, London tends to hide them in higgledy-piggledy corners. Whitehall remains impressive, in spite of the Teutonic vulgarity of the War Office, and the obliteration of a few buildings could make Parliament Square worthy of its name. There is now an opportunity, which it would be wicked to let slip, of permanently rendering the Square more impressive by adding to it an area adjoining the enclosure containing the statue of Canning. The Middlesex County Council have bought the site for an extension for their Guildhall, but are prepared, and even anxious, to have it preserved as an open space. Mr. Morrison has secured the sympathy of the L.C.C. for this admirable scheme, and while both councils will probably contribute, they rightly think that the chief burden of expense should be borne by the Government. I think that the more enlightened M.P.s of all parties can be expected to support such a grant. Another scheme which Londoners should welcome is the provision, by private enterprise, of course, of a great exhibition hall and amusement park at Earl's Court. London is almost the only capital without such a park. Paris and Berlin have their Luna Parks; even charming little Copenhagen has its Tivoli. The name Earl's Court is still sweetly associated in my mind with dinner out of doors, illuminations, the Great Wheel, mountain railways and the fun of the fair. I shall feel that "The world's great age begins anew, the golden years return," when a brighter Earl's Court raises its mountains, and a loftier water-chute cleaves the main.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr John Lamb.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Sir Ernest Benn, speaking on the use of good English, said poets and other literary people who used good English could get away with almost any utter nonsense. In commerce, however, the use of good English put a man on a much higher level and assisted him materially on the road to success.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Provost John Murray of Dornoch, with his wife, has been banned for six months from the privileges of the Free Presbyterian Church of Evelix, following the holding of a Christmas party at his house at which young people danced.—Glasgow Paper.

The regeneration of this country's greatness and that of the Empire is the easiest thing in the world.—*Daily Express.*

Dressing-gowns are perhaps the most variable factors in the wardrobe intime. One wants quite a considerable number of these even for a working minimum.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Not Homer nor Dante nor Doughty surpasses, though each may compare with, this stately flow of prose.—Mr. H. St. J. B. Philby reviewing *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* in *Sunday Times.*

Uncertainty and doubt distress the minds of men.
Why?
Because Mr. Eden, our Minister, is attending the meeting of the League of Nations Council at Geneva for the purpose of meddling in a dispute between two foreign countries.—*Daily Express* leader.

I cannot shut my eyes to what I hear.—Mr. Justice Lewis reported in the *Times.*

COST OF LIVING IN IRELAND TO-DAY

Cost of living is such a vague phrase that I use it without any feeling for its technical meaning. Its reality depends so much on quality of goods, a nation's technique in housekeeping, and above all standard of living—by which, again, I mean nothing more technical than the human values by which people choose to order their way of life.

Take rent, for example. I used to pay £90 a year in London for a four-roomed flat, Richmond area, with the use of a garden and sharing the bathroom. Here I can get a pleasant country cottage, eight rooms, with kitchen-garden, orchard, hot water, outhouses, usual offices, no electric light or gas, twenty miles from Dublin, for about £70 a year. On the other hand, to get at the effective rental a dozen things that go with that kind of house and this kind of life have to be considered.

If I use a car, as I have to, it costs me, for a Ford Eight £160, whereas I could buy the same car in England for £115. But I never spent less in London on incidentals than £1 a week—buses, cinemas, tobacco, restaurants, trains, and all those other fal-fals that come out of one's trouser pocket without a thought. Here I halve that. Spending is simply not "in the air," so to speak; but whenever I go to London, now, I feel it in the air all the time, and at every second shop window I am attracted by something that at the time seems almost essential. I want to buy gardening gloves, or ratchet screwdrivers, or patent cigarette-lighters, or assortments of cigarettes, or ingenious ash-bowls, note-books, a new type of fountains-pen, gewgaws of every kind. I want to go to such and such a cinema because it yells at me that I shall never get such a chance again; or buy a new style of tweed-worsted-flannel pants because I am assured that it is *the* thing. Here one doesn't do that—here where no man will gate a gap if an old bedstead will do, or cast off a coat if a needle can mend a rent.

Clothes, too, in the same way, cost far less than in England, simply because we do not buy them. Our hats are notorious for their venerable appearance. You could in any Dublin theatre on any night of the year count on the fingers of one hand the people in evening dress. So, at school we used to read a poem of Béranger's called *Mon Vieux Habit.* To you it is, possibly, quaint. To us it is real, familiar, literal.

Sois-moi fidèle, ô pauvre habit que j'aime,
Ensemble nous devenons vieux.
Depuis dix ans je te brosse moi-même.
Et Socrate n'eût pas fait mieux.
Quand le sort à ta mince étoffe
Livrerait de nouveaux combats
Imite-moi, résiste en philosophe
Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas!

So, you observe, that even if I add my annual car-cost to my rent, as I should—say £80 to £70—I must deduct as much again, because of this simple life; and in the end I very much doubt if my orchard and my kitchen-garden and my country house and my little car are, at most, much dearer than my four-roomed London flat where I sat at one end of the sooty garden, and my neighbours sat at the other, and we pretended not to be aware of one another or of the soot and noise.

This matter of dress is worth following up. I ask my wife how it affects women-folk, and she draws my attention to the fact that in Dublin one goes far to find one of those resplendent gold-and-glass shops that line Oxford Street and where for two guineas a shop-girl can buy a frock or a coat with all the colours of the rainbow in it, and with many buttons and spangles and frills and furbelows. Ten years ago we had many of these shops, but now Whitechapel is the poorer and we are the less resplendent for their absence. What do our Sweep girls do? (For "Sweep girls" defines a class, as you might say Nippies.) They dress simply. For four and a half guineas a woman can choose her own weave and lovely colour at a hand-loom shop and have it made up—that is the inclusive price—by a dressmaker into a costume that is not only charming but absolutely unique. It is twice the price of the mass-produced thing at Nanettes or Elfridas of Oxford Street, but it will last three times as long and is infinitely more pleasing. We make our own silk stockings and undies, just as good and as cheap. On shoes we do, I think, lose out. A "nice" pair of shoes will cost the modest shopper not less than 25*s.* In that connection I saw an extraordinary sight last Easter Saturday in Henry Street in Dublin—our cheap shopping district. Outside one of the popular shoe-shops, a household name in England, there was a long queue of girls being marshalled by an assistant, because there imported shoes were still available at anything from 12*s.* 6*d.* up. There was no sale—just a rush for a scarce article.

It is all, you see, a matter of standard of living rather than cost of living. Women will not be persuaded about that so easily as men. Women will say that they don't care if the shoes at 25*s.* wear longer than the cheap style of shoe; they want many shoes and pretty shoes, and the same applies to dress. Cosmetics are all gone up in price. A jar of Creme Simon once costing 9*d.*, now costs 2*s.* 9*d.*! (On the other hand, a lady of my acquaintance now washes in milk, which is in the country one penny a pint.) This tyrannous lack of variety is most easily seen in cheeses. We have a moderately good Irish cheese, not too cheap—1*s.* per lb.—and a cream cheese, Gruyere, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* a box, as against yours at 11½*d.*; but as for Roquefort, Parmesan, Stilton, Camembert, and the like, one cannot afford to buy. Gorgonzola can be bought in London for 11*d.* per lb. Here it is 1*s.* 8*d.*; Edam with you is about 7*d.*—here it is 1*s.* 4*d.* The Government approves of this; and it marks the general policy—"Go without and help Irish industry." Mr. De Valera went the whole hog when he said he didn't see why we should not drink milk instead of tea, or a light Irish beer. Obviously it is no country for a gourmet.

Yet, what we do eat is good. The eggs, 5*d.* to at most 1*s.* 3*d.* a doz., summer prices, *are* fresh eggs, and not, as with you, "guaranteed" (?) fresh. Wholemeal flour is 2*d.* a lb. and makes a heavenly bread. Meat is of the best—finest

rump or sirloin 1*s.* per lb.; lamb is dear, we think, at 1*s.* 1*d.* (Only the very poorest of the poor have ever eaten foreign, chilled meat in Ireland.) On butter we are stupidly mulcted, thanks to the tariff war; exactly the same butter costs, here, 1*s.* 5*d.*, and in England 10*d.* Bread is now 4½*d.* per 2 lb. loaf. Take it all round we probably, in the simple fare, are as well off as English people of moderate means. And as 60 per cent. of our people are on the land, it is therefore true that the majority get along without luxury about as well as the same general run with you. However, I must add that when I recently read a novel called *Means Test Man*, written by a man who had been on the dole in England for years, and saw him having strawberry pie for dinner, I realised that if we do manage to keep level with your average consumer, it is only done by our long tradition of keeping our bellies very close to the ground.

But the minority among us is undoubtedly paying quite a nice little sum every year for our independence. And that minority consists of just the class of persons who are only faintly interested in such questions as Independence, and eagerly interested in comfort or culture.

To illustrate the prices that (large) minority of the better-class pays for the kind of extras it requires over and above simple fare I have listed at random a dozen food items, taking Irish manufactures, where possible, and listing from a leading Dublin firm and its own London agents:

	We.	You.
Canary Seed	6*d.* per lb.	3*d.*
Corn Flakes	10½*d.* „ pkt.	6½*d.*
Grape Nuts	1/2 „ pkt.	10½*d.*
Patent Barley	10*d.* „ tin.	7½*d.*
Groats, Childrens'	10*d.* „ tin.	7½*d.*
Cyder	1/3 „ qt.	10½*d.*
Ox Tongue	3/6 „ lb.	3/-
Chicken and Ham Roll ..	1/6 „ lb.	1/2
Best Butter	1/5 „ lb.	10*d.*
Gorgonzola	1/8 „ lb.	11*d.*
Patna Rice	5*d.* „ lb.	3*d.*

It is worth noting that two women, one Irish and the other English, going out to buy those dozen objects would pay in our case 13*s.* 11½*d.*, and in yours, 9*s.* 11½*d.*, which equals a 44 per cent. higher cost to the Irish shopper of these goods.

And I make no mention of hardware, electric goods, stationery, furniture, and so on. There, as with everything else, our new economic policy is based on the needs of people with only the very simplest needs, and for their sakes we with a few greater needs must pay; for, no doubt, that is how all rigid protectionist economics work out in the end.

As to rights and wrongs, that is another question—the question of our whole New Economic Policy. For the moment I have, I hope, indicated sufficiently how the thing affects the man in the street. One thing only (and it is really not extraneous to this) must be remembered—urban wages are generally somewhat higher than in England, rural wages somewhat lower, and our relief schemes, free milk, cheap meat, and so on, are in wide operation. There, again, it is the majority who benefit and the minority who pay, even as it is the majority who vote and the minority who are vocal but powerless.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

NICE BEHAVIOUR

IT is now some thousands—perhaps, some hundreds of thousands—of years since the human race set about improving its morals and manners. For this purpose it invented a system of taboos; and, though the taboos of the civilised man differ from the taboos of the savage, they are no less strict and are even more numerous. The white races are as grossly taboo-ridden as any swamp-dwelling tribe in Africa.

Even in our social life, where we should be freest from restrictions, we live in a veritable concentration-camp of taboos. Consider, for example, the case of the man who accepts an invitation to a dinner-party. On his arrival at the party, he is forbidden, save in exceptional circumstances, to proffer his left hand to his hostess. A few minutes later he finds himself forbidden to sit down at the table before the women-guests have done so. He is forbidden to use his napkin or the mass of knives, forks, and spoons that he sees before him except according to an established ritual. And so it goes on till the port is circulating, when he finds that he is forbidden to pass the decanter anti-clockwise.

Much as I had meditated on the slavery of social life, however, I had never realised how vast is the number of dinner-table taboos till I read lately an American book of etiquette, *Manners for Millions*. This book, written by Miss Sophie C. Hadida, exposes the servitude of the civilised diner-out as it has never been exposed before. There is not a moment of the meal at which he is not checked by some prohibition or other. For instance, if he is offered a second helping of some dish and does not want it, Miss Hadida allows him to say "No, thank you," but absolutely forbids him to say "No, thank you, I'm full up," or "I should say not; I'm stuffed," or "I'm full up to the neck," or "I'm not able to move now," or "I'm so uncomfortable, I can't budge." Strange that so freedom-loving a people as the Americans should meekly endure this censorship of honest and vivid speech! These prohibitions can serve only to destroy the ease and naturalness of table-talk. Even if you dislike some dish that is offered you, and wish to explain your reasons for refusing it, Miss Hadida forbids you to do this. Once again, you must limit yourself to a "No, thank you," and are forbidden to use such honest expressions as: "I love *it*, but *it* doesn't love me," "It makes me sick," "It bloats my stummick," "It creates gas," "It makes my skin break out," "Doctor says I mustn't eat it, it gives me acne," "It causes regurgitation," or even, "I can't eat it, it hurts my tooth." Under all these prohibitions, the lot of a dyspeptic guest at an American dinner-party must be one of considerable misery. Being forbidden to say the very things he most wants to say, he must often, I imagine, be reduced in the end to a glum and venomous silence.

Even the healthiest guest, however, is bound hand and foot—as well as tongue—by the oppressive laws of etiquette. He, no less than the dyspeptic, is subject to the iron commandment: "Never blow food to cool it." His robustness makes it all the more inexcusable for him to disobey the rule: "If any food that is too hot finds its way to the mouth, do not remove it. Take a swallow of water." His heartiness will not enable him to carry off lightly breaches of the two killjoy laws: "Never offer to anyone a taste of food from your fork or spoon" and "Never ask for anything from another's plate." The rules are adamant. The land of the Medes and the Persians was Liberty Hall compared with a modern American home on the night of a dinner-party. Even in England the guest is not supposed to misuse his napkin—by tucking it under his chin, for instance. But in America, the napkin prohibitions go far beyond this. There, according to Miss Hadida, the rule of the best people is: "Never wipe more than the lips with the napkin. It is not for the cheeks, perspiration, or the nose." This seems to me to be as serious an infringement of individual liberty as those other prohibitions: "Never talk to anyone with a toothpick in your mouth" and "Never lick the fingers, no matter how sticky they be."

Even in America, however, a certain latitude seems to be allowed to the newcomer in society. Miss Hadida speaks with genuine sympathy of the guest who is in the embarrassing position of having to deal with some unfamiliar dish. She counsels him:

> Should there be served a dish that is unfamiliar to you, just watch out of the corner of your eye to see what the hostess does and do the same. If you are awkward at managing the unusual food, it is better to laugh off your awkwardness and say to your neighbour: "Gracious! I seem to be having a hard time."

More than once I myself have been in this sad predicament. Would that I had been versed in the writings of Miss Hadida at the time, so that I might have known the appropriate

comment to make to the accompaniment of a hollow laugh that would have put myself and my neighbour at our ease!

Laughter, indeed, is recommended by Miss Hadida as the way out of more than one difficult situation at the dinner-table. There is, for example, the situation of the guest who finds himself using the wrong fork or spoon. Miss Hadida's advice to him—or her—is:

> If an error occurs, and you prefer to carry it off with a laugh, say something like this: "Oh, dear, I ought to carry a book of etiquette with me!" or "Par DAW, my error!" or "Social error 50 for me!" or "Well, I must be in love," or any other remark that seems to be suitable to the group present. This is just quietly said, as though you wished only the person next to you to hear and smile with you. A laugh follows and everyone is put at ease.

There are some situations, however, in which laughter is an offence. Take the case of a woman who will "accept an introduction when she knows the person introduced and then laugh at the introducer for the pains she has taken to introduce two persons to each other who were already acquainted." Miss Hadida gives us the situation in dialogue form:

> "Mary, have you met Mrs. Morro?"
> *Mary* (*gushingly*): How DO you DO, Mrs. Morro?
> (*Then also from Mary*): "Ha! Ha! Ha! Why I knew Mrs. Morro before you were born."

It must be admitted that Mary does not show up well on this occasion.

American etiquette, however, is not confined to parties and such festive occasions. It spreads its rules into every corner of the national life—the Church, the theatre, the bathroom, and the office. There is scarcely an hour of the day at which Miss Hadida does not pursue her fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen with rules—and excellent rules—of conduct. I know no book in which the ten commandments relating to chewing gum are more clearly and incisively formulated. Miss Hadida regards the chewing of gum as a "plebeian habit," but even so, she sees that there is a right way and a wrong way of chewing. As a guide to the right way, she has drawn up a series of admonitions, among them being:

> Never make a noise (smacking, snapping) as you chew.
> Never pull the gum out in long strings.
> Never park your gum in any place that another is likely, or obliged, to touch with his fingers.
> Never give chewing-gum to anyone—even to a child—if you have chewed it.
> Never take gum from another person's mouth.
> Never throw gum where another may step on it and carry it home attached to his shoe.

As the habit of chewing is spreading in England, it is to be hoped that these wise words will be pondered here as well as in America. Why should the B.B.C. not broadcast them some evening to a nation that, as regards the etiquette and ethics of chewing, is still in its infancy?

English readers, indeed, might learn much to their advantage from the pages of this book. It is not only in America, but in England, that the younger generation would do well to take to heart Miss Hadida's advice on the subject of profanity:

> Eliminate such profane words as "damn" and "hell" from your vocabulary. They do not add charm to your personality. Though your friends may laugh, they do not admire your choice of words. There is great danger in using such language, because there are many persons who strongly object to it—your minister, perhaps, or the Sunday school teacher.

I think Miss Hadida does less than justice to the minister by introducing the word "perhaps"; but, apart from this, her advice is perfectly sound.

At the same time, the question remains whether the human race will, or ought to, continue for ever in servitude to these endless and innumerable prohibitions. Many of us acquiesce in them simply because we forget that, in our ordinary behaviour, we are living in obedience to tyrannous conventions. A few choice spirits rebel and use napkins and knives and forks as they please, whistle in the streets, laugh openly at the hostess who introduces them to somebody whom they already know, ask for food off other people's plates, give chewing-gum from their mouths to children and say "damn" and "hell," without any regard for the feelings of the minister. But the mass of us lounge contentedly in our chains. We accept the tyranny of convention as we accept the tyranny of D.O.R.A. The truth is, we are still taboo-ridden savages at heart. There are some who say that it is just as well.

Y. Y.

FEE, FI, FO, FUM!

When Ethiopians roar to unleash the dogs of war,
And sharpen savage knives,
When woolly-haired slave-traders dare call noble Romans raiders
They must answer with their lives.
I was born to put in place this swarthy subject race
Whose conquest fires my veins,
To swot the Abyssinians as old Rome the Carthaginians . . .
And I am only waiting for the rains.

We Romans need not blench when supported by the French,
By Belgium, Spain and Greece,
While Jugo-slav and Czecho- both applaud us to the echo
And Britain whimpers "Peace!"
Imperial states provide war sinews for my side,
Free transit for my 'planes,
And Suez welcomes shipment of my debited equipment . . .
And I am only waiting for the rains.

Our Fascist cause is just but we like our rivals trussed,
So the Powers at my back
Safeguard my expedition by withholding ammunition
From the base and menial black.
Though our treaties are not kept that we drafted while we slept
No blot our honour stains,
For we understand each other and the black is *not* our brother,
And I am only waiting for the rains.

Let the Ethiope intrigue with the lily-livered League,
The League his grievance air;
By the Ides of this September I'll no longer be a member,
And he will not be there.
No force shall me despoil of Abyssinia's soil!
On conquering campaigns.
I am Caesar and Sejanus, Mussolini Africanus!
Advance! I am not waiting for the rains.

SAGITTARIUS

A BIOLOGIST'S RETORT

A series of articles has been appearing in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, in which some of the more spectacular events in the lives of animals are used as illustrations. Mr. Grant Watson is entitled to enjoy the mysteries of nature, but it is worth while making clear that the type of interpretations he makes, and of questions he raises, are not scientific comment, and are therefore not the best starting point for further biological inquiry. Mr. Watson not only cites mysteries with relish, but he superimposes upon his animals a curious animism, which sees a "life wisdom" behind an activity whose performance is a condition of an animal's well being. When the heart stops beating the animal dies. It is either without meaning or unverifiable and inconvenient to say that the heart has any sort of vital information which leads it to go on beating. Hearts in fact can beat outside the animal. Yet a parallel sort of descriptive device is to be found in his writings.

Mr. Watson describes for the most part either complex patterns of behaviour in animals, or the intricate relationships between living organisms. It is true that this pattern is complicated, but it is no more so than the pattern of development of an embryo; and the relationships between animals

are perhaps less intricate than are those between the cells of a living body. That present knowledge of the relationships of the body cells, and of the development of embryos, is more advanced, and advancing faster, is because physiologists have left behind the subjectivism and vagueness that these articles exemplify. They contain more cheerful fortitude at ignorance, and less curiosity engendered by wonder, than we should see in an experimental scientist.

It is on the question of evolution that the issues must be most clearly distinguished. In the first place, it is no use attempting to trace the evolution either of an incompletely understood biological process with a fancy name, or of a fancy process.

> There was one (sand-hopper) which went a good forty feet distant, and great was our surprise when it returned and entered the stomach of its all obliging host, where it remained for a time resting. How *could* this tiny creature, after having strayed so far in the open sea, find again its own jellyfish, which in the meantime had been drifting freely about? What land- or sea-marks could it possibly have? What was the strange affinity which drew it back to its drifting home? Neither my reason nor my imagination could find an answer; and when one comes to question how such a homing-sense could be evolved and maintained by any method of mechanical adaptation to environment, or by the chance mutations of unit characters, or by chemical reaction, then both imagination and reasoning power are again inadequate at the presence of such facts, which are amply confirmed by other observers.

The trigger of fact which releases this volley of questions is a single observation which must have been almost as difficult, in a sea containing sand-hoppers, for Mr. Watson and his children to make as was the journey for the sand-hopper. Not only should the observation of such extensive homing powers be repeated a number of times, if possible with marked animals, but cases where there were other jellyfish about which the animals refused to enter would be needed to establish that they had an affinity with their particular drifting home. Again, without jellyfish about, the ordinary travels of sand-hoppers would have to be observed. Examining their responses to various types of chemical stimuli would perhaps be the best way of attempting to answer these questions.

A more specific challenge to the theory of evolution is made:

> . . . Was the power of natural selection adequate to produce the shaggy, lichen-like hair in the arboreal sloths, and at the same time to produce the particular structures in the hairs themselves that allow of the association of the algae? Unless these characters occurred simultaneously they would lose the greater part of their usefulness. As a corollary to the accepted theory of evolution Henrik Steffens' observation may here also find a significance. . . .
>
> Henrik Steffens, a naturalist-philosopher of the early nineteenth century, made the imaginative observation: "Animals are fixed ideas incarnate."

Mr. Watson here raises a definite problem for evolutionary theory, but, not waiting for an answer, he propounds another theory. It is the Hegelian one that evolution is the unfolding of ideas; and it is of no use in the experimental advancement of learning.

The question is, to say exactly how two characters, separately useless, but useful if combined, can become features of a species. In any case, this requires detailed knowledge; here we cannot be sure, for instance, that greenness of hair alone might not be of some slight advantage in an arboreal form. In general, three ways might be suggested in which such a compound feature might be incorporated in a species. In the first place it might be an unreal analysis to separate the feature into a mixture of two characters. A gene mutation affecting both the length of the hair, and the nature of its coat, would be possible. Or again, in a very large and somewhat protected population two mutations, one affecting length of hair, and one causing fissures in it, might be combined in one individual. Also it must be remembered that not only a gene, but the situation in which it lies, that is the *gene-complex*, may affect hereditary features. We might imagine a change in a gene which would tend to give fissures in the hair, being favoured when it appeared in gene-complexes, in which its length and thickness were also increased. This would be most likely to occur at a time when the species was spreading rapidly, and any new gene, not actually disadvantageous, would soon be placed in a number of new gene-complexes.

That the behaviour of animals need be treated with no more terminology of mystery than their evolution may be illustrated by one example of a physiological approach to behaviour. When stimulated mechanically with increasing violence, the sea anemone *Calliactis* exhibits a series of reactions. At very gentle prolonged stroking there may be a local reaction of the circular musculature of the column. At slightly stronger stimulation the parietal muscles, which run vertically, will cause the disc in which the mouth is situated to be lowered towards the pedal edge. On stronger stimulation the longitudinal muscles situated in the internal mesenteries will contract, at a slightly faster rate than the parietals, with a nearly similar mechanical effect. Finally, with sufficient strength of stimulus, the sphincter muscles around the disc will contract in jerks, folding the mouth and tentacles within and causing the anemone to present its least vulnerable aspect. It may be observed the greater the irritation the more rapidly contracting are the muscles brought into play, and the more definite the protective reaction. This serial response is analogous to the behaviour of the spider *Epeira* when provided with a series of increasing weights. All weights below a critical value are picked up and carried in the mouth parts; weights above that value are carried by a pair of walking legs. In nature this would apply to the carrying of caught insects. It is unlikely that this behaviour would depend on the same nervous mechanism as that of *Calliactis*.

To return to the case of the sea anemone, Dr. Pantin has described how the application of electrical pulses of suitable strength to the side of the column is followed by the response of different muscles, according to the frequency of the pulses. With increasing frequency of stimulation the muscles are brought into play in the same order as in rising mechanical stimulation, and their rates of contraction become progressively faster, too. Each pulse may be supposed to spread itself over the whole nerve network of the column, since the muscles can be brought into play equally well while dividing the stimuli between two pairs of electrodes placed at different spots. The simplest hypothesis to explain this assumes that the junction between nerve and muscle has quantitatively different properties in each muscle set. Now the application of one pulse, though it spreads over the nerve network of the whole column does not cause the sphincter muscle to contract. But the application of a second pulse within a certain period of time does cause the sphincter muscle to contract. This and other evidence lead to the conclusion that single pulses raise the excitement of the junction between nerve and muscle, but not sufficiently for the muscle itself to be excited to contract. This heightened excitability dies away at a definite rate; if another impulse falls before excitement has got too low, it excites the muscle. The degree to which the muscle is excited clearly depends then on the frequency with which impulses fall on the junction. Were each muscle type to loose junctional excitement at a different rate, then some would respond to slower rates of stimulation than others.

What connection has the frequency of electrical pulses with the mechanical stimulation that will alone happen in nature? In the vertebrates it has been shown that increased *intensity* of stimulation of a sense organ is reflected in the nerve fibre running from it to the central nervous system only in the increased *frequency* of the impulses passing along it. Although it has not been proved there are indications that impulses will be sent by a sense organ into the nerve network of *Calliactis* with a frequency corresponding to the strength of mechanical stimulation. Thus the appropriate muscles are excited. We need not stop at the term "life wisdom" to avoid explaining behaviour that is adaptive. It can be described in precise physiological language, and only then can its evolution be critically examined.

Biology is an elaborate study of the living world. Its findings can either be criticised *actively from within*, when

the job of criticism, after checking methods and thinking, is to point out the contradictions and assumptions implicit in the piece of work, and thereby to raise and state new problems to be tackled, or it can be criticised *passively from without*. Such criticism would say that biology does not explain certain things and that it never will. The answer to this is that you cannot say biology never will explain certain things until you have made an *active* criticism of the particular cases from the standpoint of an experimental scientist.

H. COLLIER

[Next week we hope to print Mr. Grant Watson's reply to this attack. Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

Correspondence

THE OXFORD GROUP

SIR,—I was very interested in Mr. Raymond Mortimer's review of Stephen Foot's book, *Life Began Yesterday*, on the subject of Buchmanism, which is also known as "The Oxford Group Movement" or as "The Fellowship of Vital Christianity."

The reviewer states that Buchmanism "attaches an importance to earthly happiness and prosperity which is quite unchristian . . . such happiness as saints attain on earth is incidental—their object is to do God's will and so obtain happiness beyond the grave for themselves and their fellows." This has often been the teaching of Christianity during the last two thousand years, but the Oxford Group have gone a little farther, they teach that such an aim is not Christian but dishonest—dishonesty of motive. The object of all Christ's followers, the Buchmanites and others, should be to do God's will, not to obtain happiness for themselves but purely for the sake of God.

Dr. Buchman when addressing an important meeting in Norway stated: "There is no question about the Oxford Group's message. It is the Atoning Work of Christ for this generation. It is the Blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin. It is the Holy Spirit at work guiding nations; and the qualifications asked for in its disciples are these:

> To give and not to count the cost;
> To fight and not to heed the wounds;
> To toil and not to seek for rest;
> To labour and not to ask for any reward
> Save that of knowing that we do God's will.

Mr. Mortimer states that *Life Began Yesterday* is full of stories which "end as happily as a fairy tale." He is right in stating that "The Buchmanite is always rewarded not merely with the consciousness of having done right, but with solid terrestrial gains . . ." But is this very surprising? It is simply the teaching of Christ who said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6, 25–33.) The reviewer says that "If martyrs are the seed of the Church, Buchmanism threatens to be remarkably unfertile." The explanation of this is quite simple. Two thousand years ago there were many martyrs in the Christian Church because the rest of the world was utterly pagan and the Christian teaching hit them too hard. To-day the influence of Christianity has spread everywhere, and moreover the world economic crisis and the threats of a devastating world war have so unsettled people that they will willingly accept anything which provides the answer. The Oxford Group know that in Vital Christianity they have the answer to all the world's problems.

The reviewer mentions a difficult problem which must be solved and asks, "What is the Buchmanite going to do about this even if he takes pencil and paper and waits with good intentions for 'Guidance'? It is a problem which requires hard thinking much more than good feeling." The Buchmanites do not sit with a notebook in their hand and good feeling within them, they ask God for guidance on these problems and they find that God's "hard thinking" brings much better results than man's.

Mr. Mortimer states that "the success of Buchmanism is chiefly with shy, emotional and highly repressed characters." Naturally; the sick always have had most need of the physician, and complaining of this is as logical as attacking doctors because their greatest successes are with the worst patients. Many solid, unemotional and efficient business men have found the answer to their needs in the Vital Christianity of the Group—men like Austin Reed, C. J. Hambro, the Norwegian Prime Minister.

Regarding nationalism, I heard a French Count say at a Group meeting on Saturday last that he had, through the Vital Christianity of the Fellowship, found love for Germany and he quoted the words of a Russian lady who said: "Although I love my own country it is not necessary to hate others."

As to the Nazi Movement, many people have come into the Fellowship knowing little of its principles, but in time we almost always find that the Spirit of Christ which they find in the Fellowship triumphs over the bad in themselves and, in any case, they are always told that if they are in doubt as to what they are guided to do they should check their guidance against Christ's four standards: Is it absolutely honest? Is it absolutely pure? Is it absolutely unselfish? Is it absolutely loving? If it does not check with these it is one's own desire and not guidance, and I think that will dispose of any tendency to feel guided to effect the conversion of one's friends to better ways by means of rubber truncheons.

F. A. ST. J. BROWN

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH SOUTH WALES?

SIR,—May I congratulate you on your courage in publishing a diagnosis of and a remedy for the present condition of South Wales? It is to be hoped that it will attract the attention of statesmen. Possibly your contributor would have strengthened his argument in favour of the wholesale transference of the inhabitants of the Welsh valleys to the London area had he quoted a very similar proposal made in the seventeenth century by Sir William Petty as a suggested solution of the Irish problem. By transplanting a million Irish into England he claimed that a perpetual peace between the two countries could be effected. It would, he declared, "cut up the roots of those evils . . . which have continually wanted the blood and treasure of both nations . . . and have made Ireland . . . a diminution and a burthen not an advantage to England." Unfortunately Petty was writing after the Restoration, when Strafford and Cromwell were dead and there were no Englishmen of their calibre to apply the doctrine of "Thorough." But to-day other countries are throwing up strong men who stop at nothing in their efforts to carry through programmes of reconstruction. Has England become effete? Is there no potential dictator who is capable of converting your correspondent's modern proposal into actual fact? Personally I must admit that I have one misgiving. For the short period, as economists say, the scheme is admirable. But what about the long period? It is an excellent idea that the "Rhondda and Merthyr area" should be scheduled as a great open air museum of the Industrial Revolution culture. The value of such a museum will depend in years to come on archaeologists being able to compare it with a museum of the New Industrial Revolution. Would it not detract a great deal from the value of the preservation of the Rhondda and Merthyr area if a scholar of the twenty-first century were obliged to write: "There is a first-rate example of the palaeotechnic age in South Wales from which we may reconstruct in elaborate detail the story of the life and labour of the so-called Industrial Revolution; but unfortunately England does not provide material for the study of the neotechnic age because the great industrial zone round London was so completely obliterated in the Great Air Raid."

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UNITED FRONT IN FRANCE

SIR,—In your issue of July 20th, in an editorial note, entitled "National Economy à la Banque de France," you appear to be under the impression that the "workers" will make common cause with the civil servants, who have recently had their salaries reduced. In some of the larger cities that may be so, but I do not think the peasants will be on the side of the *fonctionnaires*. For several years I have lived among French peasants in the Jura and they appear to be far more antagonistic to the *fonctionnaires* than to the rich. The point of view is that the civil servants are paid out of the taxes, whereas the rich live on their own wealth. It is generally admitted that before the war the French civil servants were badly paid, but for a number of years they have been in a very favoured position. Compared to the peasant, they work short hours and they can look forward to a pension. A Paris policeman is given a month's holiday every year and is probably pensioned off in his middle forties. A village schoolmaster only works five days a week; Thursday is a whole holiday. His hours of work are six per day and the school closes for two months in

the autumn. He is pensioned off in his middle fifties. But in the summer time the peasant rises at 4 a.m. and struggles on till 9 p.m., often too tired at night to take a proper meal.

The civil servants now have to submit to a second wage cut within a year or two. But agricultural prices have fallen very greatly. Two years ago the price of wheat was fixed by Government at 112 francs per bag of about 220 English pounds. Last year the price was about 80 francs per bag, and this year the peasants fear that they will not obtain 50 francs. The yield this wheat harvest will probably not be above the average. The price of milk is not much down, but wine and meat have greatly fallen in value. The prices of manufactured goods have fallen, but not enough. The peasant would not be able to stand the present strain for any great length of time. The economic equilibrium between town and country must be preserved in the interests of both. But the prices of manufactured goods cannot be lowered materially unless town wages are reduced—not real wages, only money wages. It is not a question of pushing the interests of the rich against those of the poor, but merely a question of balancing the respective purchasing and productive powers of somewhat similar classes in town and country. G. A. PALEY

Chissey, Jura, France.

GERMANY AND THE HOWARD LEAGUE

SIR,—Certain pronouncements of Dr. Gurtner, the German Minister of Justice, on the problems to be discussed at the forthcoming Congress of the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission to be held in Berlin next month, have recently appeared in the press. The value of the I.P.P.C. and its Congresses hitherto has lain in the opportunities it has afforded for the free exchange of views and the pooling of experiences by members from different countries, and the Howard League for Penal Reform has been strongly represented at the two post-war Congresses, in London in 1925 and in Prague in 1930.

This year, after careful deliberation, the Howard League has decided to take no part in the Congress and to abstain from sending delegates. The Howard League has no politics and its members are drawn from all parties. Its decision is in no sense due to anti-Nazi or anti-German policy. It is due to its conviction that an international congress is doomed to complete futility and sterility unless it has a threefold freedom—freedom in the choice of delegates, freedom of discussion in the congress, freedom of reporting the proceedings outside the congress.

None of these freedoms will be respected at the Berlin Congress. The Howard League has been authoritatively informed that if it appoints its Chairman, Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., to represent it, he will not be allowed to speak at the Congress. Freedom in choice of delegates and freedom of speech is therefore denied. When the League asked for assurance that the proceedings would be freely reported, it was informed that "facilities will be granted to the accredited correspondents of the German and foreign newspapers allowed to circulate in the country for reporting the discussions and proceedings of the Congress." The qualification "allowed to circulate in the country" whittles down this freedom to nothingness.

In view of these facts the Howard League is driven to the conclusion that the Congress will be worthless and therefore it will take no part in the proceedings.

It is well that these facts should be known and appreciated. The Congress is to discuss amongst other questions the following:

> "Are the methods applied in the execution of penalties with a view to educating and reforming criminals (intensive humanisation, favours granted, considerable relaxation of coercion in the execution of penalties by degrees) calculated to bring about the effects aimed at and are these tendencies generally advisable?"

The German delegation will obviously be much the largest national group, just as the British were in the majority at the London Congress and the citizens of Czechoslovakia at Prague, and the German Minister of Justice has already prejudged the issue. As reported recently, he has said that Nazi Germany has departed from the exaggerations of a demoralised epoch and has made punishment into punishment once again, adding, "We shall not hesitate to put forward our fundamental ideas with emphasis before the international forum. We shall point out that we have put an end to exaggerated softness, but that we have not ceased to treat prisoners justly and humanely. Our statements will be confirmed through numerous visits to prisons, giving an opportunity for eye-witness information."

The Berlin Congress may pronounce for a return to "punishment." Its pronouncements will not have a feather's weight with world public opinion if, as we have good reason to fear, the "Forum" is to be packed, the delegates muzzled, the reports controlled.

We regret the necessity for abstention from the Congress of the I.P.P.C., for whose ideals, efforts and achievements over more than sixty years we have profound respect, admiration and gratitude. It has worked to raise the standards of justice and humanity in penal administration. We hope and believe that its Standard Minimum Rules for Prisoners, in the preparation of which our English Prison Commissioners have taken an honourable and leading part, is the forerunner of a real charter for prisoners, and we wish the I.P.P.C. all success in its work. But at Berlin it will be beating the air. CICELY M. CRAVEN,

The Howard League for Penal Reform, Hon. Secretary
Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street,
Victoria Street, S.W.1.

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—The discussion on the acceptance of titles by members of the Labour Party has been most illuminating, but why should critics of the practice concentrate their attention on knighthoods? Are there not also other brethren who have erred but who have escaped chastisement?

Is there any difference of substance between the satisfaction of being called "Sir" and the satisfaction of being identified with the military hierarchy and addressed as "Major"? Why should it be wrong after a life spent in the service of Trades Unionism to find one's name in the more humble groups in the Honours List, yet right, in the year 1935, to perpetuate the rank to which a temporary commission entitled one in the war of 1914–1919? Of the two courses the more dubious would appear to be that which combines a programme of pacifism with an allusion, that most citizen soldiers have allowed to lapse, to past martial glories.

Again, why should the Right Honourables go free while the Knights attract censure? Neither are hereditary, both are usually for political services (apart, of course, from the civil service and the Forces); but the first has the greater social cachet, for which surely it should come in for the greater condemnation.

Birmingham. L. J. CADBURY

NO PASSPORT

SIR,—The letter from Lord Russell and others concerning Mr. M. L. Massani's passport has wide implications. It is extremely difficult for an Englishman to know to what extent the right of an Indian to travel is in fact interfered with by the Government of India, and what are the consequences and methods of this interference. A few years ago I travelled about Central Europe and the Balkans, and there came across a few Indian students and some members of the Indian professional classes.

My impression drawn from them is that a young Indian is not free to study medicine or any other calling in the great universities of Europe. In India, when he takes to himself such extravagant ambitions, he is refused a passport to travel; and if he should be so wilful as to persist in wishing to study in Europe, pressure is brought upon him to study in England by withholding his passport. Only in a very few cases has permission been granted to study in Europe.

Therefore, if my hearsay information is correct, we may conclude the following:

(1) That the Government of India wields an enormous power over the rights of human beings by passports, and this is not generally understood.
(2) That under British rule middle-class Indians have not liberty to travel.
(3) That the development of a normal, bourgeois professional class in India is cramped by restrictions on travel, culture and personal liberty.

It would be unfair to write now without a word concerning my informants. At first my indignation at the restrictions upon them was great. Then, later, as I grew to know my informants better, it became clear that only a foolish State could neglect to take care in the management of their minds. What service their minds could be to them as doctors or lawyers I could not assess. But during the discussion of political questions not one of them revealed signs of judgment or of power to decide.

It is only of late years that I have tried to make myself familiar

with the manners of conquered peoples. Nothing is more alarming than the signs of political stupidity, amounting to madness, produced in the professional classes by constant conflict with persecution. How these problems can be dealt with healthily and wisely, and yet the conqueror remain, I do not know.

But surely a ban upon Indian students travelling and studying in other universities of Europe than those in England is unwise; and surely it is also unwise that Indian students should feel that there is such a ban. This great problem, moreover, cannot be limited to the British Empire; other Empires must be experiencing the same signs of awkward sensibility among their professional classes. It would be absurd to suppose that governments and educational authorities in many lands are not taking into consideration these matters. But perhaps something more might be done towards the solution of many difficulties by an international policy of exchange of colonial students, and by letting it be known to Indian and other students that it is in the broad light of good education that their passports are being considered.

Cherry Tree Cottage, ROBERT RANDALL
Wood Green, Salisbury.

A. E. AS TRAVELLER

SIR,—One sentence in Y. Y.'s fine tribute to A. E. would seem to need a little correction or amplification: "He went about the world so little." True, A. E. came seldom to England before he decided to settle in London, and to many of us it appeared rather curious that he did not make the voyage to India. But in his later years he travelled widely in America, and gave the impression of liking it. He made two extensive lecture tours in the United States, and as far as one could judge took quite lightly the fatigues of meetings, parties, and long-distance railway journeys. He was, I believe, disappointed at first to find that the audiences did not want his philosophy or even his poetry, but demanded as a rule his stories and character-sketches of the Dublin literary fellowship. Mystery novels beguiled the journeys for him—which reminds me of my last meeting with him, in the Cosmos Club, Washington, last winter.

The trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby was filling the papers. It was the only news. On the day when the detailed story came out of the forestry expert's tracking of the wood of which the ladder was made, I found A. E. in a corner of the Club completely absorbed in the verbatim report of the testimony. He said that it "knocked out everything he had ever read in detective stories." On this last visit to America A. E. was not speaking. He had been sent for by the Department of Agriculture because of his knowledge of rural co-operation, and he confessed to amusement over the thought of a mystic poet being invited by the great U.S. Government to consult with officials and Western farmers. S. K. R.

AMERICA AND NAOMI MITCHISON

SIR,—I much enjoyed reading "The Furies Dance in New York," and I have also enjoyed Mr. Ashley Montagu's verses, but can you tell me why he endows the Quakers of the seventeenth century with "frightful souls, in which such starkness and cruelty lay"? Quakers of that period were tortured, and some of them killed, by certain Puritans, but so far as I know they were preserved from action of this kind themselves. Moreover, was not William Penn a Quaker, and did he not show extraordinary toleration to all and sundry in his new state of Pennsylvania?

ERNEST E. TAYLOR

Miscellany

TUTTY

FOR many years I was haunted by a ghost word, which has suddenly come back at me again. I first met it in a Dutch-English Dictionary in the form:

niet: nothing, naught, tutty.

I consulted W. P. Ker who knew everything, only to find that it was the one thing he did not know. Growing interested, I pursued it into other languages, always with the same result. The Portuguese lexicographer believed that *tutty* was the English for *nada*. The Spaniard, the Italian, the Swede, all entertained the same curious conviction. Clearly there must be in the world some archetypal dictionary in which *nihil*, or *rien* or *niente* is glossed: Anglicé *tutty*, and from which all pocket dictionaries are derived. Where is it?

Tutty returned to me in this wise. An enterprising dealer, some years ago, seems to have bought up the sheets of an English and French dictionary

containing
the pronunciation of the english in the french sounds,
scotch words from
W. Scott's novels, etc., etc.
BY SMITH.

My copy is dated 1907, but from internal evidence I should date the original to the eighteen-thirties. The Iron Road has been invented, but *gare* does not yet mean a railway station, only a wet-dock. I should rather like to see the conversation of Andrew Fairservice, the ejaculations of Mause Headrigg, or the classical periods of

Ride your ways, Ellangowan,

with all the scotch words rendered into french BY SMITH. *Voici la derniere baguette qui je couperai dans les bois estimables d'Ellangowan.* But contemporary french readers, baffled by Stamach, were no doubt relieved and encouraged by learning that it was only *écossais pour Stomach.*

However, this has nothing, or tutty, to do with my ghost. Smith has got it, pronounced teut'-ti, and it means tutie. Tutie, pronounced too-te, is there also, and it means tutty. We seem to be moving in a circle. But about this tutty there is no mystery. Littré and O.E.D. are agreed that it is a crude oxide of zinc. It was formerly used in astringent ointments and lotions. Elizabethan soldiers laid in lots of it before going forth to war. It is good for Rhewms in the Eyes. The better sorts are ponderous and somewhat sonorous. *Cf. pompholyx.* But it is a hot day, O.E.D. too, is somewhat ponderous, and I feel I know enough. It is pleasanter to read on about the other Tutty, the nose-gay or Tuzzy-muzzy; about the Heath, which beareth his flowers in tutteys or Tufts; and the tything men of Hungerford who carry Tutti-poles or wands wreathed with flowers. But of my tutty—nada, niet, naught.

It is a very hot day, and I can do no more. I sincerely hope that it is not a Bad Word, but on that the character and experience of various persons whom I have consulted satisfy me. If it were, they would know it. But I should be really grateful to anyone who would solve the riddle and so lay the ghost, because Tutty is becoming like one of those words heard in dreams, words of incomprehensible and infinite significance, which seem to impart at once the secret of the Universe and the winner of the next Grand National. I can only offer one conjecture, and that is, that it arose out of a misreading of nosegay as no segay. *Cf.*, as the lexicons say, Nosmo King. The poor foreigner asked an English friend what no segay meant, and the friend replied, "It means nothing." Candidly, my conjecture seems to me to be pretty putrid, even as conjectures go. But I have known worse. I have read *The Place Names of Kent* by Dr. Wallenberg of the University of Upsala. And, as I have twice observed, it is an exceedingly hot day. G. M. YOUNG

BABYLON

BABYLON that was beautiful is Nothing now.
Once to the world it tolled a golden bell:
Belshazzar wore its blaze upon his brow;
Ruled; and to ruin fell.
Babylon—a blurred and blinded face of stone—
At dumb Oblivion bragged with trumpets blown;
Teemed, and while merchants throve and prophets dreamed,
Bowed before idols, and was overthrown.

Babylon the merciless, now a name of doom,
Built towers in Time, as we to-day, for whom
Auguries of self-annihilation loom.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THE PROMENADES

THE annual Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are a remarkable phenomenon. They represent in the world of music something analogous to a popular library, such as the "Everyman" series or the World's Classics in literature. For a period of eight weeks at these concerts the lover of music may hear performances of the modern world's musical classics. I say "modern world" because, unlike our library of books, which in any European language would contain literary works a thousand years or more old, translated from languages now dead, the music lover will find at the Promenade Concerts no classics of earlier date than about the seventeenth century.

This is not due to any special omission at the Promenade Concerts, for although it would be possible to produce examples of earlier music back, at least, to the fourteenth century, yet most earlier music would require special preparation and the most interesting part of it would be largely vocal. It is, however, true that we have no great musical classics earlier than our post-Christian era, and actually the early time of the Renaissance is about as far back as we can go in order to obtain works of musical importance. Considering what classical (in the sense of Greek and Latin), to say nothing of Indian, Persian and Hebrew, literature has meant to us, it is extraordinary that our musical history has such a shallow past. We have in music nothing analogous to Homer, to Virgil or to the Greek and Hebrew poets. This fact has led some writers to declare that music is the most recent of the arts and that it has developed to a great art only in modern times, that is to say, since the Renaissance.

If we are thinking of the great names of the foremost creative geniuses of an art, this would seem to be true, but I suspect that a marvellous music has existed in the past of which we know almost nothing. This is not a mere surmise on my part; it is, on the contrary, based upon experience as well as being a conclusion that *a priori* one could hardly fail to come to. The experience I am thinking of was twofold. I remember seeing a small group of Javanese dancers perform in London at a private house, and their music and dancing made so strong an impression upon me that I tried to give expression to it in part of a poem entitled *Pursuit of Psyche*. At another time I saw some West African dancers accompanied by their own musicians who consisted of three drummers only, playing on three different types of drums. This music was extraordinarily fine, although I think many European musicians would have failed to hear its beauty just as many European artists failed at first to see the beauty and power of early Chinese and of Negro art. It is to me inconceivable that there has not been great music in the past as there has been great sculpture and poetry; but owing to the peculiar necessity of finding a notation for music it has not been written down but has been transmitted—in so far as it has been transmitted at all—by ear.

There are people who think that the great age of music is over and past. I do not agree with them. It is, I think, true that masterpieces have been created which will never be surpassed, but that is because there is an absolute quality about the masterpieces in every art which makes them unique and therefore unsurpassable. But that other masterpieces will be made—many and marvellous—that I am sure is equally true. But when and how they will come and when they will be recognised, all that is highly problematic.

In the meantime it is well for Promenaders to remember, when they are enjoying the library of classics at the Promenades, that the whole repertory of historical music is not before them by any means and that even of modern European music, that is to say, of post-Renaissance music, they are not getting a representative selection. Further, the actual selection of the Promenade repertory is rather bizarre, while the proportion of time allotted to the various composers who are represented is still more odd. That there should be four separate evenings devoted to the music of Brahms and only one to the music of Schubert does not correspond to the musical interest of these two composers, that there should be eight Wagner evenings and not a single Schumann or Berlioz evening is another example of unjustified habit, and one might go on in this way to point out similar disproportions. But, on the whole, the Promenade Concerts do represent the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries fairly well. Earlier times are not much represented, if at all, and our own day is naturally completely misrepresented.

I would go so far as to say that when dealing with contemporary music the B.B.C. in its Promenade selections is inevitably doomed to be as unrepresentative as any other institution that tries to set before the public the works of contemporary artists. It is almost impossible to get the values of our own time correctly, it is certainly impossible to get them as they will appear in the eyes of our successors and descendants. In fact, it is quite hopeless to attempt to do so, and the effort as a rule only encourages those who ought not to be encouraged. Nevertheless, the B.B.C. bravely attempts to produce annually at the Promenades a number of new compositions, chiefly by British composers. Its policy in this matter should be as catholic as possible. It is better to do everything that is sent to it rather than to attempt to select. Committees that sit to judge plays, pictures or music invariably select the worst. This is an unalterable law of nature. It is the nature of the important mediocrity, the mediocrity in a position of power, always to select the most mediocre of the things presented to it. And how can a committee be anything but mediocre? In a committee, say, of seven the middle thing is 3½, the nearest possible majority vote is four, the maximum seven. A single vote, which would be the only individual vote can lead nowhere. We need, therefore, never be surprised when we hear any of the works chosen for performance at the Promenades. Occasionally there may be put in by the choice of Sir Henry Wood, or some individual, a work which has a personal utterance, but this will happen rarely and it will usually be lost among the squeaks and squawks of the more clever imitations of musical reality.

In spite of all their disadvantages—chief among which is the too great length of the programmes—the Promenade Concerts do serve to give some sort of a musical education to the public, from which those who care more especially for music will learn to pick their way. Also they afford the opportunity for young singers and instrumentalists to appear before the public free of all fear as to their possible success. For, in one respect, the Promenades are the best of all concerts for the artist performing, because, everybody is successful there. The public is modest, properly appreciative and applauds everything and everybody. This to my mind is the correct attitude. I would have all success entirely a secret matter for those who really know and, if I had my way, only unlimited applause of a specific duration would be permitted at all concerts, so that no impresario or newspaper man would be able to tell who was or was not a success. That is the only practical artistic ideal that would benefit artists as far as I can see. But, of course, we shall never see it put into practice. It would be the end of all business enterprise in music.

W. J. TURNER

ANGELS OVER MALVERN

WE began with a garden party, at which everybody tucked in very hastily and heartily and waited, after full corporal satisfaction, for a glimpse of G.B.S. But G.B.S. was cruelly elusive and we had to make do with ice-creams instead, and a ration of pamphlets in which G.B.S. replied to the only New York critic who had not greeted *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* by spitting in his eye.

The Simpleton gives one the impression of having been written in the deck-chair of a luxury liner by one who takes to liners because he can no longer endure earth and hates luxury anyway. It is not a play—we do not expect that nowadays—but the usual league of Shavian Notions with a personnel which includes a semi-imbecile curate, an Angel of the Lord,

a priest and priestess of Pacific Paganism, some white colonial administrators who are practising polygamic eugenics (with dysgenic results) along with these coloured hierophants. Needless to say, everybody talks a great deal with a nicely cumulative style of loquacity, and one is led to derive the following results.

First, that men of science should not feed their young exclusively on nitrogenous foods. The result may be a semi-imbecile curate. Secondly, that the likely product of mixed marriages between English milords and miladies and Pacific Island priestesses and priests will be a crop of political Hitlerites who can look imposing and shout and salute. Thirdly, that the Day of Judgment may be on us at any minute and that the wicked need not expect to be burned in torment, but will merely be expected to vanish into thin air. Good-looking Angels, of obviously Aryan aspect, will flit about the stratosphere and occasionally, with or without parachute, drop in for a spot of conversation and give warning that, now the hour of reckoning has come, all useless people may expect instant and painless dissolution. The scenes of English administrative and fashionable life will soon be without population; there may be a few people left in Moscow.

Mr. Shaw continues to insist on the old-world idea that there is some particular blessing in work. But surely this faith belongs to the ancient world of under-production in which it could reasonably be announced that those who would not work should not eat. But now our problem is how to distribute excess and not to create more of that nuisance by making everybody make more of what nobody can buy. The idler to-day, provided that he does not make mischief, may be regarded as a social benefactor; if a young lady of Malvern chooses to gallop about Worcestershire on a horse, instead of running off to London in order to get a job as a typist, I fail to see that she is being useless, economic conditions being as they are. The real problem is to define human utility, and that Mr. Shaw omits to do. He assumes that the Angels of the Judgment Day will accept the opinions of the Labour Movement in the eighteen-nineties when the Idle Rich were abused for being idle quite as much as for being rich. Nowadays we may object to their wealth and we do, in fact, deprive them of quite a deal of it. But do we really want to drive them all into those hopelessly congested areas the office and the factory?

However, here is the usual Shavian lecture-cum-lark. We have been in the Apple-cart and on the Rocks; now we are in the heavenly dock with Angels pleading trumpet-tongued against us and unlikely to spare us unless we can plead useful lives. It is not very good Shaw, but it has some nice passages, especially that which describes the secession of Great Britain from the Empire and the angry protest of the Irish Free State at such treasonable conduct. The Festival attenders appeared to be satisfied, and the fact that Sir Barry Jackson no longer recruits such a starry company as he did in the Hardwicke-Richardson days does not in the least affect the box-office. The Festival now runs to four weeks instead of three, and the fourth week is, financially, one of the best. The public arrive, as at Stratford, to hear an author rather than to see players: in this case Sir Barry appears to have found a good one in Mr. Stephen Murray, but his part in *The Simpleton* was the only good one from an actor's point of view. As the lackwit curate he could cultivate pathos; the rest had only to annunciate points. IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"B.B.C. The Voice of Britain," at the Carlton

Not one voice but many voices. Not one English but many accents. Enough at any rate to show the infinite, infinitesimal variations of social sound in our diverse Britain. In fact the keynote of this brilliant documentary film (by John Grierson and Stuart Legg) was diversity: departmental diversity at Broadcasting House itself, an awe-inspiring mechanical jumble well calculated to impress onlookers — and listeners — with the complexity of B.B.C. services; plus variety of noises, camera-technique, interest, tempo. And what a satisfying cumulative effect all this produced! The film improved as it got farther and farther away from the professional playboys who turn the knobs and control the ether—not that they were treated unsympathetically (and it was fun to recognise familiar faces), but because it grew subtler, more cleverly sliced and put together, as it went along. It was built that way, rippling, spreading across an empire of roof-tops, schoolrooms, glens and trawlers. . . . Mechanical precision, the white magic of perfect timing, was made genuinely thrilling even for those of us who are congenitally unpunctual and uninterested in machines. For, among all these gadgets, the invisible camera stood out as the most powerful and, if properly handled, the most attractive of the lot. A truly good film does show that; and, by doing so, a good documentary film can best serve its purpose of explanation and praise. *The Voice of Britain* is not in the least fulsome; it is mercifully free from snob-stuff; a gradual, unaffected, exciting crescendo, it indicates the flexibility of the B.B.C. and, beyond that, unfolds the panorama of a listening England: from stately homes to weary workers, from inferior negro jazz on alien soil to the positive, home-grown hideousness of the "dear old London pub." And towards the end, floating on this sea of brilliantly semi-related fragments, came the faces of our representative great men—the politicians silent; Low, Wells, Chesterton and Shaw at their most typical and, at this climax, wonderfully stimulating. . . . A fine patriotic film of which Grierson, the G.P.O. unit—and the G.B.P.—may well be proud.

The Yiddish Art Theatre of America at His Majesty's

The gentile spectator will be interested, perplexed and perhaps rather disappointed by *Yoshe Kalb*, the production with which Mr. Maurice Schwartz's company have made their London *début*. Disappointed, because he may have discovered from seeing Stanislavski's company and the marvellous Habima Theatre how enthralling a play can be, though one understands not a word of it. Perplexed, because the synopsis of the play given in the programme is inadequate: what one requires is an account of what is happening scene by scene. The hero, moreover, is a simple and saintly figure, who to atone for one sin accepts without complaint cruel and unjust accusations: but if one cannot understand what he says, he seems more simpleton than saint. But it is impossible not to be interested by the richness and oddity of the Polish ghetto life which the play depicts. Here is unrestraint breaking continually into frenzy, the self-expression of the most emotional of peoples. Every word is accompanied by a fantastic pantomime of gesture—hands dart forward, fingers dance, the whole body is a perpetual performer. One cannot complain of over-acting, for this exuberance is natural to the Jews: there is gusto even in their utter abandonment to lamentation. The last drop is pitilessly wrung from every emotion—mirth, anger and despair. There is, for instance, a half-witted girl whose animal behaviour makes the alien spectator feel embarrassed: "Not here, O Apollo . . ." The production is elaborate, too much so indeed, for before the end one longs for a moment of simplicity and restraint. Yet this is a performance to see if you are interested in the theatre. If it has too much vigour, that is a quality in which the English theatre is pitifully lacking. The acting is exceedingly accomplished, and the producer achieves a variety of violently picturesque effects.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 2nd—
Michel Saint-Denis (of the Compagnie de Quinze) Acton-Bond Summer School, Lawnside, Malvern.
"Misalliance," Malvern.

SATURDAY, August 3rd—
"What Happened Then?" St. George's, Canterbury.
"1066 and all That," Malvern.

MONDAY, August 5th—
Welsh National Eisteddfod, Caernarvon.
"The Good Companions," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
"The Taming of the Shrew," Stratford-on-Avon.

TUESDAY, August 6th—
Dublin Horse Show.
"Outward Bound," St. George's, Canterbury.

WEDNESDAY, August 7th—
"Tulip Time," Alhambra.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE crash of the aeroplane in the Alps which killed Arthur Watts (who will be mourned by all who ever met him) brought a great loss to literature in the death of his fellow-passenger, L. M. Nesbitt. Those who have read his first book, *Desert and Forest* (Cape, 10*s.* 6*d.*), which has recently been serialised in the *Evening Standard*, will know him not only as a brave and intrepid explorer of the terrible low-lying Danakil country that extends between Abyssinia and Italian Eritrea, but as a writer who, in spite of a certain awkwardness, had great powers of expression. The awkwardness arose not simply because *Desert and Forest* was Nesbitt's first book, but because he had been living for so many years among Spanish and Italian-speaking peoples that his native language had become unfamiliar to him. When the subject of a writer's first book breaks new ground, whether it be the account of adventurous discovery or of research, one is apt to overlook the author's qualities as a writer, and it was natural to read *Desert and Forest* without any thought of the books that might follow it. Nesbitt's second book, *Desolate Marches, Travels in the Orinoco Llanos of Venezuela* (Cape, 10*s.* 6*d.*) is in my opinion a great improvement upon his first; and shows that he would possibly have developed into a very fine writer who might, if he had lived, have taken a place beside W. H. Hudson. Moreover, the subject is one which just because it is not so strange can better bring out the author's character and engage his readers' sympathies. The naked Danakil, leaning upon and twisting one leg round his long lance, while he impotently yearns to murder and mutilate the passing stranger, is a horrible inhuman figure; the vanishing race of the Llaneros has a melancholy distinction which calls out our love and pity.

* * *

Venezuela is the work of that great hero whom we know best from the labels of cigar-boxes, Bolivar. Thanks to him it freed itself from Spain, the Llaneros almost exterminated themselves in civil wars and "for a hundred years indigence has followed unswervingly the flag or flags of political freedom." The bankruptcy of the country would be complete were it not for the discovery of petroleum; among other services the oil companies were required to make a survey of the country; it fell to Mr. Nesbitt to carry out this task in an extremely difficult area where many predecessors had failed. In his first pages, written in a tone of rather jaunty naiveté, he tells us how he set out from New York and arrived at Caracas, where he made friends at once and shared in the national sport of roulette:

> Beginning at the aristocratic City Club where only one zero was used, we descended by degrees to gatherings called the Bare-Foot Clubs, which were held in dingy cafés, and where on each table there were two zeros, and on some even as many as three. The poorer you were, therefore, the more chances you had of losing; and this, as a philosopher will admit, is entirely in accord with the world's equity.

The area which he had to survey was separated from the capital by the Llanos plains of tall grass intersected by belts of luxuriant tropical forest. In the days before freedom, this was a flourishing land, colonised by a fine race of cattle-ranchers and farmers; there were towns with splendid houses, spacious gardens, and great churches. These for the most part lie now in ruins; the magnificent Spanish carved doors are kept locked or propped up on the outside with poles where the hinges have gone or the doorpost has rotted; the land lies uncultivated; dysentery and fever humble the people, who are steadily migrating to the coast. Disease has increased with poverty and forms the usual vicious circle; men have not the strength or heart to work, and succumb more quickly than their forbears. The insects are enough to drive men mad; ticks swarm over the traveller and suck him dry; vampire bats come and fasten at night upon the horses, fanning their heads with their ugly wings, and will attack anyone careless enough to sleep uncovered, and, worst of all, is a kind of bot-fly which lays its egg in the corner of the eye. Nesbitt saw many one-eyed children blinded by the maggots.

* * *

Describing such conditions brings out all that is best in Nesbitt's style; a scarcely veiled melancholy pervades the whole book, while the detachment of an engineer doing his job of work invigorates it. The author was distinguished also by a rare mixture of patience, courage and humanity; he was of a different, finer species than the little globe-trotting authors who write their witty travels to-day. He pardoned his drunken English assistant again and again, though he stole, swindled and messed up the survey work, because he knew he had shell-shock as a boy, and because he had arranged flowers in the room they shared. His sense of humour has a good deal in common with W. H. Hudson's, and is shown in such descriptions as that of his landlord's bouncing daughters, who "fussed about the room with unnecessary diligence which was probably intended to have an enticing effect. . . . I gathered that they knew something of the ways of the great world, for they even brought me a piece of soap exuding a powerful, aristocratic perfume." He gives this description of two women who visited him decked up in extraordinary frills and finery to ask him to subscribe to a village fête:

> They seemed suddenly to have become embarrassed, as though they had only just understood the boldness of their expedition. Their blushes were apparent, not indeed in their elaborately whitened faces, but in the neck, ears, and temples, which remained unobscured. Their embarrassment was so extreme that it made them perspire freely, and soon dark streaks of moisture began to appear on their powdered features. But they possessed a sense of humour, these girls, for soon they began to laugh at the ridiculousness of their situation. I have seldom been more astonished and delighted than I was by their hearty laughter on an occasion which to most women would have been one for tears rather than mirth.

Another resemblance to Hudson is his sympathy with animals which is as great as with children and primitive people; he notes how tame the wild creatures are in Venezuela, where not many of the inhabitants are rich enough to own firearms. It was necessary for the survey for Mr. Nesbitt to find and to fix the exact positions of certain villages which are mentioned in legal documents and old concessions, though they have long since been deserted and swallowed up by the tropical forest. The following is the description of an ancient Spaniard dying in a house which has almost fallen to pieces in the midst of a ruined estate which Nesbitt had much trouble in finding:

> He raised a shaking hand of parchment-covered bones, and his curved fingers moved slowly like the legs of an agonising beetle . . . it was evident that he was interested in what I had communicated to him. In a weak, whispering voice, with many pauses to recover his breath or to drink a little water, he told me what he knew.
>
> "San Pablo! People still talk of San Pablo then, even foreigners like yourself, from remote countries. A century ago it was like a kingdom. Even in my youth it was full of wealth and prosperity, but it declined with the rest, and became what you see."

Some of the villages had been almost entirely forgotten and good fortune as well as persistence was required for their discovery—and long, straight corridors of many miles in length had to be hacked through the jungle by parties of Indians armed with machetes. The local inhabitants would ride up and gather in curiosity round the mounds of earth and the few squared wooden beams, and watch while Nesbitt's men would plant a great survey beacon to fix the spot. In this work he employed a pitiable creature whom he had recognised by his white feet as a European, and who turned out to be a delightful man, an escaped French convict from Devil's Island. There is an eighteenth-century quality in the way in which the tale of this man, Noel, is told; something reminiscent of Goldsmith, of Prevost, of St. Pierre, while the story of the commercial traveller whose servants brought the news of a civil war in the capital into a distant province, and so set its inhabitants at each other's throats, is a subject worthy of Voltaire. *Desolate Marches* is a beautiful and noble book.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Lucy Gayheart. By WILLA CATHER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? By HORACE MCCOY. *Barker.* 6s.

Men in a Hurry. By JULIETTE PARY. Translated by BEATRICE DE HOLTHOIR. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Forest Twilight. By FRANK DORN. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Illyrian Spring. By ANN BRIDGE. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

The Wedding. By DENIS MACKAIL. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

The House of the Four Winds. By JOHN BUCHAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Mixed Pickles. By NEIL BELL. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Crook Stuff. By RICHARD KEVERNE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill. By HUGH WALPOLE. *Dent. Everyman Library.* 2s. 6d.

White Ladies. By FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

The more titles that head a reviewer's column, the less merit will be found in the books. Here is a holiday eleven with a very long tail. I am going on a holiday myself, and it is typical of the cocytus of English fiction that it is almost impossible to fish out of it even a couple of books to read on the train. There is a real paucity of good trash. My advice to anyone going on a holiday is to get detective stories. That is where some of our best brains go. When I reviewed novels in the late twenties there was still an aesthetic interest in the process, Gide, Forster, Huxley, Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis, Garnett, Thomas Mann, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf—these wrote novels one could write a whole page about. At present reviewing novels is like living in some decaying idiorrhythmic community in Crete or Mount Athos. When one of the brothers is gathered, there is no novice to take his place, when one of the luscious cobwebby bottles is empty there is no one to press the new wine. Willa Cather, however, is a real link with the past; she has always interested me as the unique American writer to owe nothing to Europe; like Whitman and the early Mark Twain, she has realised the great truth that indigenous American literature must be non-European, must be Middle West. Of course American literature need not all be indigenous; wholly American writers like Hemingway and Fitzgerald are steeped in European influences and European manners and are not jeopardised by the fact. But there are always people who believe that a writer must remain saturated in the primal regional element, and to them Willa Cather must be the great argument against expatriation. The apostle of what Henry James called "The thin, empty, lonely American beauty."

And yet, I think, to some extent its victim, for her talent does not seem to have really ripened; the lush summers and enormous winters of Michigan and Wisconsin have not enriched her to the extent she has enriched them. *A Lost Lady* and *My Mortal Enemy* are early American masterpieces, like Mrs. Wharton's *Old New York* and *Ethan Frome*. *Lucy Gayheart*, though a beautiful and firmly written book, is lacking in the quality of the others. Lucy Gayheart goes from "Haverford on the Platte" to Chicago, where she becomes accompanist to a brilliant baritone, Clement Sebastian; she falls in love with him and throws over her stupid, conventional, graceless, money-making and conceited young beau from Haverford, Harry Gordon. Sebastian goes to Europe and is drowned, and she goes back to Haverford, where Harry has married someone else, and is drowned too. We are then shown in an epilogue that Harry's love was really greater, that his whole life was determined by her death, that his clumsy patronising American emotion was something finer than Sebastian's polished European appetite. But the two deaths seem introduced from laziness and a desire to round off the story rather than as the inevitable consequence of choosing such a subject. This is a book well worth taking out of the library, a story perhaps rather skimped psychologically, but told with a real artist's exquisite touch.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? I call first rate holiday reading—one of those tales of horror and sentiment which America is turning out every week, and which prove it definitely a land fit for halfwits to live in. If you liked *Criss Cross*, *God's Children*, *The Postman*, etc., and *Appointment in Samarra*, you will like this in which stupid, slightly batty, monosyllabic narrator Robert Syverten foxtrots his way through a dance marathon into the electric chair. This book ranks below *Appointment in Samarra* but above the others I have mentioned. It is dedicated to the author of *Fully Clothed and In His Right Mind*, is very prettily produced for six shillings, and, like everything else in this vein, extremely readable. A really worthwhile holiday omnibus, incidentally, would be the four best books of Dashiel Hammett, *Red Harvest*, *Maltese Falcon*, *Glass Key*, and *Thin Man* in one volume. This remarkable writer is far too little known in England, and his work is as much superior to the others I have mentioned as Joe Calleia in Public Hero No. 1 is to Ronald Colman as Bulldog Drummond.

Men in a Hurry is another good lively book for a bank holiday. It is a highly improbable but well documented romance of the effect of a visit to Soviet Russia on an American millionaire and his family, a young French wine-grower, and a white-Russian gigolo. Very shallow, very biased and very entertaining. The descriptions of the wine-growing communities of Roussillon are enough to turn this year's output to vinegar, and it is amusing to see Russia pictured as a kind of America, in which foreigners at once find perfect jobs and strapping welcoming Soviet brides.

Forest Twilight is an unusual book, a novel about the pigmies in the Philippine Islands; it is rather woodenly written and conventional in treatment, but gives a very real picture of the passions and occupations of these tiny, primitive and almost extinct negritos. The author is so used to them himself that one keeps forgetting that they are really very abnormal-looking people, and a few photographs would have made the novel more ironic—but I enjoyed it all the same.

Illyrian Spring is an irritating novel about a middle-aged lady's mild romance with a "difficult" young man in Venice and Dalmatia. It teems with potential newspaper homilies on the relations of mother and daughter, old and young. Do the English make good husbands? Is the modern girl too shrewd? Do any men really like make-up? And why an Englishwoman can't take a lover—are some of them. The descriptions of Dalmatia are the best thing in the book, which ends in a wallow of happy reunions, wish-fulfilments and money for the difficult young man, whose first five oil-paintings are bought by a Paris dealer for a sum equal to two years' income. And Mums goes back to Poppy, and, as their daughter Linnet says, "Mums is quite a lamb. For a person of her generation she's really rather good."

Illyrian Spring is genteel. *The Wedding* is superlatively so; it combines into a horrible, discursive, amiable, average mess the spirit of Shepperton's kiddies, Baumer's flappers, Milne's winning Pamelas and Daphnes, the young husbands and perambulators of Punch's upper middle class world, and a tepid backwash from Galsworthy's Forsytes. *Non nobis, domine.*

The House of the Four Winds is disappointing, too involved and too ruritarian and too much advocate of Scotch supremacy. Mr. Buchan's Toryism has even evolved a special code of looks. There is the royal face, the duke's, marquise's, earl's, and baron's face, down to the honest square features of plain Richard Hannay. On the strange curve which has led Buchan from his first appearances in the Yellow Book to the Governor-Generalship of Canada this novel occupies a rather low point, and is chiefly significant for the picture it gives of the mental and emotional values of one of our own legislators. And it is a picture which, in the words of the post-war Oxford novelists, "gives one *furieuse-ment à penser*."

Mixed Pickles has a very amusing introduction which promises something better from the author than the rather heavy stereotyped stories which follow. The ideas are there, but the language is too flat and leisurely. *Crook Stuff* is very inferior and may be considered as out first ball.

Now we come to a last wicket stand. *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* is, I think, the best of Mr. Walpole's books. It is one of the first of the bitter school-stories, like *The Lanchester Tradition*, and presents a vicious piece of in-fighting between the ageing bilious Mr. Perrin and the rosy optimistic newbroom Mr. Traill. It is a rare book and well worth being made accessible at half-a-crown. The author contributes an introduction in which he complains rather naturally of his mixed emotions at having his second book chosen for such a compliment. He goes on to explain his departure from realism and his dislike for the portrayal of real characters which cause pain, but one feels his later work would have been improved if he had got over this.

White Ladies would have been improved vastly if Mr. Brett-Young had put a little of Mr. Perrin into his Worcester sauce instead of sticking to his recipe (by a gentleman of the county). It is seven hundred uninspired pages long, a father-to-son house and-family narrative. Mr. Brett Young is a doctor, like Somerset Maugham, and a writer, like R. H. Mottram. I was asked the

other day why I inveighed against middle-brows since it would never lead to them writing any better. The reason is that I think the train of fiction is already hopelessly overcrowded, and that all the comfortable seats are occupied by people with third-class tickets. My mission is to evict them to make room for those few, sad, unappreciated vocational artists whose books are so much better and so much more entertaining. This does not apply to *White Ladies*, which Mr. Mossbross has chosen for the boys as their holiday task. " It's a lovely little thing," he says, " a broad field of English wurzels with the evening sun on it.

CYRIL CONNOLLY.

GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY

Principles of Gestalt Psychology. By K. KOFFKA. *Kegan Paul.* 25*s.*

There are three kinds of psychological hypothesis : the atomistic, the vitalistic, and that suggested by the Gestalt school.

According to the first, the elements of consciousness are sensations, and the elements of behaviour are reflex arcs ; the laws connecting these up into the forms with which we are familiar are the so-called " laws of association." Such a theory accounts for experience and behaviour in terms of *external* relations between elements, and therefore meaningfulness disappears ; behaviour is a mere concatenation of molecular acts, and thought a mere series of associated ideas, words, or glottal clicks.

A theory like this outrages common-sense, and experimental evidence goes to show that there are problems in perception which it does not account for, and that the " law of association " is not a law at all.

The common-sense view is vaguely vitalistic. Urges, tendencies purposive energies—such are its material, and the psychologies which are written in such language seem to be dealing with something familiar to us all. This applies to the common-sense reading of such writers as McDougall and Freud. I hasten to add that I am *not* suggesting that Freud is a vitalist in the metaphysical sense. What I mean is that we envisage his scheme in terms of the interaction of living forces, whether we believe that they are *sui generis*, or that they can be interpreted in terms of other known forms of energy.

This position outrages science. On the one hand it might be agreed that common-sense is right in rejecting associationism because it leaves our purposiveness, and on the other it is clear that the atomistic apparatus does lead to expectations which are not satisfied, and therefore, in spite of its " scientific " nature, it must be replaced by some other theory.

It is the task of the third scheme, the scheme which is associated with the names of Köhler, Koffka, and Wertheimer (the K.K.W. school, as it is called) to bring connectedness into psychological theory as a basic factor, and at the same time to avoid the unrespectability of vitalism.

In 1920 Köhler wrote a book called *Die Physischen Gestalten*, in which he drew attention to the importance of relatively segregated fields of force which can be considered as units, such that " what happens to a part of the whole is determined by intrinsic laws inherent in this whole." Such an organised whole is called a " Gestalt "—or, in Koffka's book, a " system."

To understand the application of this kind of thing to psychology we must make the distinction between the " geographical environment " and the " behavioural environment " ; the former is the world of physics and physiology, the latter is the world in which we live. According to the Koffka there is a field of force between the geographical environment and the geographical organism. This we may take as an ultimate system. The organism itself is a subsystem which has its own laws of balance, and the interaction between the organism and the environment gives rise to the behavioural world and behaviour in it.

Now the nervous system operates as a whole, within which certain relatively segregated sub-systems can come into being. The optic sector, for instance, which is responsible for the seen behavioural environment, operates as a unity with certain characteristic laws of organisation. When a stimulus from the geographical environment causes an effect in the optic sector it is not an independent effect. What happens will be partly determined by the tensions shaping the field in which the effect occurs. The background will partly determine the characteristics of the figure upon it, and a neighbouring figure will influence other figures in its proximity. In this way the Gestalt school explains problems in perception which were unintelligible on the atomistic hypothesis. Furthermore, just as you can have these simultaneous configurations in which the whole determines some of the characteristics of the parts, so you can have wholes spread out in time—tunes, behaviour and thought.

The succeeding notes of a tune derive their *meaning* from the dynamic tendencies set up by the sequence of notes preceding them, and they, in their turn, modify the field for those which come after.

Similarly, the tensions which organise the ego-environment field will, by the *intrinsic* properties of the field as a whole, determine the course of action. This will be, among other factors, governed by the rule that action takes place in the direction of lowering the tension of the ego-environment system.

Such dynamic systems of tension are said to " seek closure," and thus thought is described as a " closure-seeking process," " closure " in this case being the solution of a problem. The ideas do not come into the mind because of external bonds between them ; they are rather pulled in by the force of the whole system operating at the moment in a directional fashion.

The difficulty, of course, is that one wants to know more about the dynamics of the systems apart from the behavioural counterparts of either kind. Too often one gets the impression that when it is said : " Condition X is due to certain forces operative in a system," the question : " What are the forces operating ? " reveals the answer : " Such forces as would produce X."

We have no room for a critical analysis of the explanatory aspect of Gestalt psychology, but there is no doubt about the importance of the discoveries which they have made, and Koffka's book gives an excellent *résumé* of the experimental work of the school.

He covers the whole field of academic psychology and concludes with a chapter on the nature of the social field in which the individual ego-systems are immersed. It contains, therefore, a complete theory of psychology. The detailed descriptions of experiments may bore the layman, but he can skip them ; if he wants to know what Gestalt psychology is about, this is obviously the book for him to read.

S. SPROTT

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MOLOCH, MAMMON AND . . .

Religion and the Modern State. By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. *Sheed and Ward.* 6s.

Freedom in the Modern World. By JACQUES MARITAIN. *Sheed and Ward.* 6s.

Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism. By AMINTORE FANFANI. *Sheed and Ward.* 6s.

How can one end the title of this review? Marx, or Morris, or Mussolini? Were Mr. Dawson not a Catholic, I suspect he would have a certain leniency towards the author of *Das Capital*: Monsieur Maritain, in spite of his deceptive dryness in style and persistent appeals to logic, displays that tenderness to poetry and idealism—witness his really vivid defence of Mahatma Gandhi—which would have made William Morris acclaim him as comrade; and Signor Fanfani professes economic history in a country where vocal disagreement with Mussolini is apt to end in enforced silence. Or perhaps another name would more conveniently throw its serene and benign potency over all three—the name of the recently canonised Thomas More, who was confronted, in a form personally as acute, with the same problems as confront these three Catholic philosophers. To those with but an amateur's acquaintance with history nothing is odder about the present political and historical situation in Europe than the assumption, found in so many commentators on modern affairs, that here to-day is a perfectly new thing. There are new clothes. There are the chances of more violent accidents, and of more spectacular crashes—in the way of politics just as on the roads of traffic: but the problem is an old one. And the suggested solution and compromises are old. As soon as the word was spoken, You cannot serve God and Mammon, we can be sure that there were quiet interpreters who took the saying with every expression of external reverence, and began to explain that "You" meant Andrew and Matthew, but not Peter and Paul; and other interpreters who insisted, not without reason, that the key word of the saying was "serve," and that there was no Dominical injunction against *using* Mammon—perhaps, to the initiate, suggested that the Other Power could also be used. Other critics would point out that the warning only applied to contemporaneous service—that while the odd days had better go to God, there was no reason to deprive Mammon of his due service on the even. (And how easy it has become to give Mammon six days and God only one). No one surely could seriously contend that Mammon was out of it—could demand nothing of our time and obedience—or what would happen to business?

Moloch—whom M. Maritain politely calls *étatisme*—is rather more difficult. Yet, after all, Caesar is to have Caesar's things, isn't he? And who can decide what things are Caesarean save Caesar's self? Wouldn't it be presumptuous for conscience to question Caesar? Well, that was Thomas More's quandary: and we know how he answered it, and how Caesar retorted—and which conquered is a matter to be decided by each man's view of the permanent values in human life, of what makes finally for truth, and human good and ultimate happiness. Yet long before Henry's effort to enthrone the State there had been, in the so-called Christian era, similar challenges made to the new order which (though it had been, as Mr. Dawson reminds us, affirmed by Plato, and assumed by other cultures than the Greek) drew its sanctions from the Incarnation and the Catholic philosophy. In England, though the exact details are obscure, there was a similar fight under William called Rufus; some aspects of the quarrel between Henry and Thomas Becket have the same complexion, and there was a dangerous, potent attack on the Catholic philosophy led by that enigmatic figure, the Emperor Frederic the Second.

If I may put the quarrel in a popular way, I should express it thus: Following the evangelical witness about the Sabbath, Christian philosophy affirms that the State and the Church are made for man, while the Anti-Christ philosophy insists that man is made for the State. It comes back, that is, as all these three writers agree, to the question of what is man's end. Are there any transcendentals? Is there Goodness, Truth, Beauty? And is it man's destiny to fulfil himself in them?

The approach of Mr. Dawson is, in the main, historical: of M. Maritain philosophic; and of Signor Fanfani economic. By far the hardest task is Mr. Dawson's, because the ground he has to cover is far more irregular, less susceptible to planning than the philosophic or the economic ground. These difficulties lead him at times into what appear contradictions. For instance, in his introduction he states, to my great astonishment, that "for a thousand years and more Europe was Christendom"; but later on he asserts truly that "European culture had already ceased to be Christian in the eighteenth century" (when, if ever, was Prussia part of "Christendom"?) and later affirms, even more truly, "there has never been a time when society was completely Christian; Christianity has never been more than a leaven working in the world, and its work never finished. The Roman Empire had hardly ceased to be pagan before it found itself Arian. The Christianisation of Western Europe was hardly complete when the Reformation came." Both opponents and defenders of Catholic philosophy too often make the mistake of arguing as if there had ever been, save in a Utopian sense, a Europe that was Christendom. The truth is that professing Christians have been as successful in evading or denying the principles of Catholic justice as have the great philosophers in stating those principles. And the lamentable thing is—it is a fact which, naturally enough, neither Mr. Dawson nor M. Maritain stresses (though both admit it candidly)—that Catholic powers and rulers have been notorious in the neglect of those principles which were stated in the philosophies and which these modern apologists are anxious should be considered as alternatives to the modern State-religion of Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey. For instance, how much bloody persecution would have been avoided had the Church been in practice true to the Thomist philosophy, as quoted by M. Maritain, that when a man "decides to follow the love of that which is good-in-itself . . . it is towards God, even though he know it not, that he orients his life"; or his other statement "that every just man of non-Christian denomination belongs to the invisible comity of the Church and on this ground only has a title to salvation." In his philosophical treatment of the relation of man to the State, M. Maritain pursues his familiar custom of employing Thomist phraseology; and it is worth overcoming any repugnance one may have to scholasticism to consider the value of the opinions thus expressed. So far as I can understand him, he provides a very sound antidote to the social slavery preached either by *laisser-faire* Capitalism or the stricter sect of Marxian socialists. He insists on man as a person, rather than an individual: and the importance of this distinction may be seen in his handling of the problem of property and of work. As is the person to the individual, so is *opus* to *labor*, and so is the workman to the employee. Except by an economic convention, a Catholic philosophy of work has no room for "employers" and "employee"—but only for joint-workers in a common enterprise. The work, without performing which a man has no right to eat, is *opus*, not *labor*; as a workman, an artist, a man has a right to property, but Thomas Aquinas says clearly, "with regard to external things a man ought to possess them not as his own but as common, and always be ready to put them at the disposal of others who are in need." That is, any property which is not an extension of personality (clothes, and housing) or the tools of a man's trade, should be not private but communal.

How far Christians have departed from this rule needs no demonstration—indeed, since Apostolic times, except in the monastic orders in their good days, there has been small effort to follow it. And this treachery has been most conspicuous in the use of that false commodity, Money. Here again, as Signor Fanfani has no trouble in showing, Catholic theory has been excellent. His book is a brilliant attack on Capitalism from the standpoint of one who has seen all the patristic, mediaeval and later diatribes against usury more than fulfilled. His essay is remarkable for the use of much non-Catholic and non-Italian authorities: he is fully aware, for instance, of the importance of Mr. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*; and he does not burke the charge that the Roman Church, while still re-affirming its principles, has been over-lenient towards efforts to modify their consequences.

These authors are against Capitalism, against Marxism, against Nazism and, on the whole, against Fascism, though Mr. Dawson, and more doubtfully M. Maritain, would allow a place to the guild system to which Italian Fascism sometimes approximates. What do they favour? It is good to find both the Englishman and the Frenchman—the question hardly arises in Signor Fanfani's more limited essay—dead against any clerical or Catholic party. The Church, as such, must have principles of politics and economics; Christians as such should not run a party political machine. They are in favour of order, of gradation, but M. Maritain firmly adheres to the right of revolution, against sovereign person or sovereign government; and for both, of course, the claims of conscience against the State are paramount. They are concerned, that is, with stating principles: yet it is a pity that

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they do not—the omission is the stranger in Mr. Dawson—consider the claims of the Christian Socialism which is traditional in England, or of that Christian Communism, which Mr. Conrad Noel has advocated for so long. Or would they agree that something of that kind would result if professing Christians put their principles into practice? Their essays, however,—as do those of such writers as Mr. Tawney, Mr. Maurice Reckett and Mr. T. S. Eliot—pose an awkward question to those of their non-Christian readers who desire to follow the "good-in-itself." Is there ultimately any sanction for that quest outside a philosophy which postulates, in one form or another, what is called the supernatural? They would answer, I imagine, with the Russian philosopher Nicholas Berdyaev—"Where there is no God, there is no man." To which one may add, looking at the recent history of those countries that defy the nation or the race, that if Moloch be God, man is in rapid danger of losing those qualities which have slowly and difficulty assured his distinction from the brutes.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ROGUES, MALE AND FEMALE

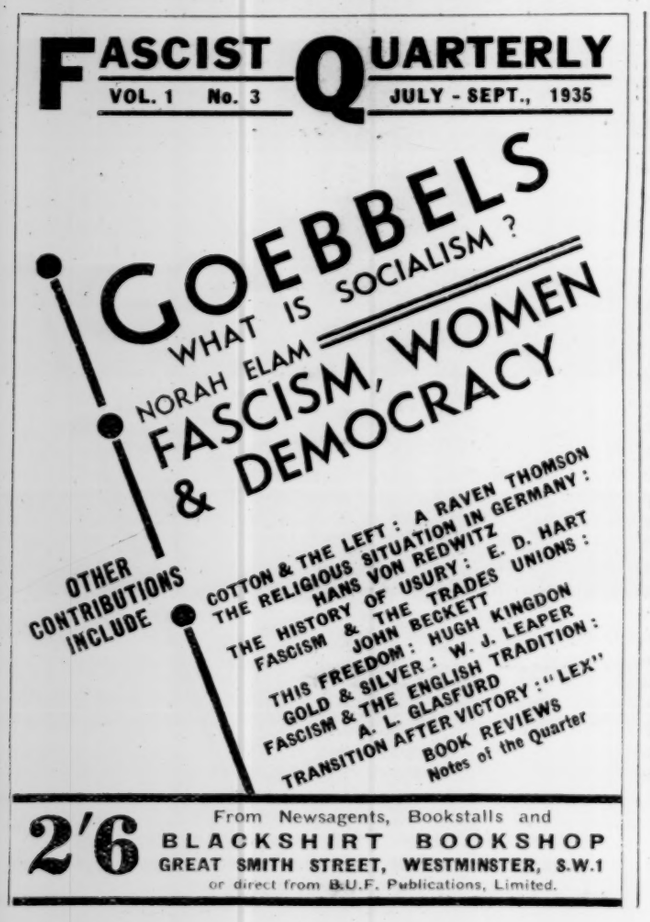
Madeleine Smith. By GEOFFREY L. BUTLER. *Duckworth.* 3s. 6d.

Doctor Crippen. By M. CONSTANTINE QUINN. *Duckworth.* 3s. 6d.

These are the first two volumes of a series called The Rogues Gallery, later to include Peace, Landru, Palmer and Brides-in-the-bath Smith. Light-weight, and printed in large clear type, they are obviously and successfully designed for holiday or railway reading, and aim not at being enlarged accounts of crimes and trials so much as short biographies of criminals. The author of *Madeleine Smith* has been the more fortunate in unearthing matters of interest hitherto unknown to the common reader. Everyone brought up, as I was, in the shadow of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement must have heard the legend that Madeleine married one of Morris's "foremen," went with him to America, and, while contributing to a happy marriage, was by him denied access to his food. How this was accomplished short of keeping her locked in one room was never explained. According to Mr. Butler the truth is that a few years after the flight to London which followed the verdict, she married a man connected with the dyeing industry, who became one of Morris and Company's business managers,—he does not seem to have shared Morris's Socialism—and lived comfortably in Bloomsbury. This was in 1861; not till 1909, widowed and aged seventy-four, did she emigrate. There is no reason to suppose that, like so many poisoners, Armstrong and Dr. Pritchard among them, she wished to make a habit of murder. Her single crime—for who since her day has ever doubted that she killed L'Angelier?—was no proof of callousness, only of desperation under blackmail. That callousness developed, with some swelled head, in the course of her three months' painful notoriety is indicated by the cool way in which she wrote to the prison matron that "the panel [prisoner] was not at all pleased with the verdict," meaning that it should have been Not Guilty, instead of the ambiguous Not Proven. Unlike Crippen, she had not an endearing character, though an extremely strong one; but the passionate candour of her love-letters demands respect.

That Crippen was a dear little man has become a *cliché*; but his life before his crime was not interesting. It consisted in a dreary traipse from this American town to that in search of success in the practice of medicine. It was thus that, already a widower, he met the attractive but rampageous woman later known as Belle Elmore; she was then a girl of seventeen, the mistress of a New York stove manufacturer, and she was recovering from a miscarriage. Mr. Quinn has been hard put to it to fill out his two hundred odd pages, and there is a good deal of padding: for instance, we are repeatedly told that Crippen was constrained, at first by uxoriousness, later by Belle's temper, to load her with clothes and jewellery; and his conversion to Roman Catholicism is one of several occasions for a purple patch. The details of how Crippen administered the large dose of hyoscin are not known, nor what was the last straw that drove him to it. Mr. Quinn lightly dismisses Marshall Hall's theory that Crippen intended not a fatal dose, but a soothing one, to reduce Belle's sexual exactions; this theory does not fit with the fact (how well-established—no references to sources are given except one to Mr. Filson Young, from whom, as far as I recollect, this information does not come) that the Crippens were sleeping in separate rooms some time before Belle's death. In accounting for why Crippen ordered such a lot of hyoscin—a then little-used drug—Mr. Quinn suggests that perhaps, as well as using it in his postal treatment business, he also used it to alleviate the nervous monthly attacks from which Miss le Neve suffered, and that therefore he had not procured it with murder in view. Both books are supplied with a list of dates, and the tables of contents are full, so that it is easy to look back for important points as one reads.

E. B. C. JONES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ORGANISED CRUELTY

All Quiet in Germany. By KARL BILLINGER. *Gollancz* 7s. 6d.

This book appears with no credentials, not even the name of the translator. It is an account of life in a Nazi prison and concentration camp; the public, therefore, whose sympathy and indignation it solicits, have a right to know how far it is a direct record of personal experience. Herr Billinger, whoever he may be, is evidently a practised writer; probably a novelist, I should say, as he is so much at ease in dialogue. Propagandist works of this order are more impressive, I suggest, when served up without the trimmings of fiction. At the same time, I have no doubt that the book gives a true reflection of what is going on in Germany: of this we have ample evidence in a more admissible form.

Quite apart from the atrocities it records, the book is full of interest. We see the victims of the Nazis still displaying in the camp that inability to make a common front which was responsible for their common defeat. Herr Billinger, himself a Communist, puts into the mouth of a Social Democrat a fair summary of the past weakness of the German Left—the "miserable cowardice" of the Social Democrat leaders and the "stupidity" of the Communist ones. And here is his account of the Nazi success:

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Like all Communists, he underestimates the emotional and religious elements involved (particularly a hysterical patriotism), though his own devotion and martyrdom are implicit proofs of the most powerful religious feeling. It is not a cold intellectual conviction of the truth of the Marxian hypothesis, still less a shrewd eye to economic interest, which drives Herr Billinger and thousands of his fellows to risk death and torture every day in a heroic effort to preserve the underground machinery of their party in Germany.

All Quiet in Germany is enormously vivid: there are excellent comic incidents, like the election and the visit of the foreign journalists, but most of the book is quite intolerably painful. Here is one instance of German ingenuity in torture. In the Columbia prison two Jews, one a pacifist writer for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the other a doctor, were handed brooms, and told to fight, surrounded by black-shirted *Schutzstaffel*. They refused at first:

> The S.S. began to rain blows thick and fast over their heads and necks and backs, while, like a maniac, the officer kept yelling, "Forward, forward!"
>
> Hesitantly—appalled by what he was doing—then more rapidly, to escape the onslaught of the guards, the older Jew struck the younger a blow—and another, till at length he was laying about him in a frenzy, his face racked with agony, his eyes glaring with madness. The younger man never so much as lifted his arm to ward off the blows about his head. Neither did he stir under the horsewhips. Erect and silent, he stood till he collapsed. The faces of the watching prisoners were grey and sunken.

Uneatable food, indescribable overcrowding and filth, punishment "coops" in which it is impossible to stand or sit, frequent beatings to death—the imagination reels at the mad repetition of horrors. The mass of the German people do not know what is being done. But what are we to think of the German officials who do know? Of the cultivated gentlemen in their Embassies and Legations? Above all, of the English persons who send letters to the *Times* in extenuation or even in praise of the Nazi regime? These know of the organised cruelty; or if they do not know, it is because they deliberately avert their eyes. One writer, for whom I have great respect, tries to excuse what is happening by comparing contemporary Germany with Tudor England. The great Tudors were a brutal and hateful lot, but we must be fair to them: Smithfield and the Tower cut a very poor figure beside Columbia prison and the Hubertshof camp. And, in any case, by what odd logic does the bestial savagery of Henry VIII provide an excuse for the sadism of the Nazi authorities?

The Catholic Church, with all its saintly and humane and learned men, has never lived down the memory which the Inquisition has left in Western Europe. Similarly many Englishmen, including those who were least hysterical during the war, will never in their lives be able to forget what is now happening in Germany. There have been, there still are, hideous cruelties in Russia, but Russia had never had a civilised Government, and is only now beginning to have widespread education. One still knows that most Germans are decent, but is there not something profoundly wrong with a people which so persistently and enthusiastically submits itself to the tyranny of neuropaths? A William II, a Bülow and a Holstein are followed by a Hitler, a Göring and a Goebbels. And what comes next may well be equally bad. For cruelty breeds cruelty, and when the Nazis collapse the revenge of those they have brutalised will be hideous. Evidently we are living in an age of religious wars, like the seventeenth century, but more exquisitely cruel. And it will not, I think, be till after we are dead that another and far more broadly based Age of Enlightenment will bring sweetness and light to Europe.

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Great Lives: Captain Cook. By LT.-COMDR. R. T. GOULD, R.N. **Abraham Lincoln.** By D. W. BROGAN. *Duckworth.* 2s. each.

Here is a delightful thing, a story of one of the mysterious women of history by a master of the modern thriller. The result is so vivid and powerful that it can only be hoped that the dread precincts of biography will be invaded by other ardent and romantic writers of fiction. Real stories of real people, once they are divorced from the lugubrious chroniclers of dates and evidence, make incomparable reading. Mr. Joseph Shearing has introduced a new technique in biography in *The Angel of the Assassination*, which is really an orchestration of three lives, Marat, Adam Lux, and Charlotte de Corday, as they approach each other through time and space to so strange and awful an immolation. Reams of uninspired eulogy have been written round the figure of Charlotte de Corday, but this portrait is admirable, indeed it is probably unrivalled except by those few scintillating paragraphs that Carlyle affords her. Mr. Shearer's "Angel," as Carlyle's "Star," gives a figure, equivocal, lovely, inexplicable and forever mysterious. She flames out in the light of some between-worlds. Good, she certainly was, and yet—a murderess. She, the enemy of anarchy, employs murder, that most anarchical of all gestures, as her medium and her way to immortality.

Mr. Shearer, with magnificent restraint, has limited his material to such data as can be historically verified, down to the smallest detail. "Break the news of my death gently to Bougan-Langrais," wrote Charlotte in her last letter. The word, "gently" in such a context excites our curiosity: and who was that night reveller in the coach to Paris upon whose exigence she lays so much stress in that simple-seeming, but really cryptic, letter to Barbaroux? Does one, even an inspired murderess, take the hurling moments that separate her from the guillotine and eternity to write gracefully and humorously of her personal conquests?

Totally different from Mr. Shearer's monumental work are the two books from that admirable series of Great Lives issued by Messrs. Duckworth. Lt.-Commander Gould's book upon Captain Cook is of almost classic simplicity of structure, dealing, in pellucid narrative, with an heroic life. There is little attempt at characterisation. "By his deeds you shall know him" might well have been its foreword, and the result is refreshing. Enthusiasm over so grandiose a character as the famed Captain could have offended no taste, but this book is essentially the chronicle of a seaman by a seaman, and is recorded in the clipped under-statements of those noble and modest men of action. It is a grand little book that cannot fail to interest and give pleasure to both landsmen and seamen.

But clipped under-statement, and a listing of facts, was hardly the method for portraying the hero of a country where hyperbole is the basis of both thought and speech, and facts are

very often deceptive. D. H. Brogan's work upon Abraham Lincoln, while an excellent textbook, gives us little impression of the deep and impassioned soul, the noble heart, and the quaint fantasy of a character that epitomises both the strength and the weakness of a mighty and primitive people.

FRANCES GREGG-WILKINSON

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

The Scandal of Imprisonment for Debt. By J. D. UNWIN. *Simpkin Marshall. 7s. 6d.*

If I were a rich man I should distribute copies of this book to all those misguided people who so constantly assert that imprisonment for debt in this country died with the closing of the Fleet prison. Most of us are so inured to the idea of imprisonment being a purely punitive measure that there are few people who will not be shocked to learn that for no less than 20,000 out of 50,000, prisoners annually, incarceration is not considered in the light of a punishment at all, but simply as a means of liquidating debt. In other words, so far from being the rogues and scoundrels we are inclined to imagine them, two-fifths of the inmates of our prisons are there in expiation of the atrocious crime of lack of money. One law indeed for the rich and another for the poor.

Apart from the non-payment of fines the forms of debt for which these prisoners are committed are those incurred through arrears in wife maintenance orders, affiliation orders, and non-payment of rates. It is these classes of debtor with which Dr. Unwin's book deals, and it is well to realise that they differ entirely from the ordinary variety of civil debtor.

For civil debt one can no longer be imprisoned; when a civil debtor *is* sent to prison it is not for debt, but as a punishment for disobeying the court's order to pay. The sentence, therefore, does not in any way liquidate the debt, which can still be claimed (though, of course, in practice, it rarely is) after the debtor's release. For the type of debt with which this book deals, on the other hand, imprisonment is accepted as actual settlement of the debt; it has a definite monetary value, so that part-payment will ensure part reduction of the sentence; it is worth so much a day in fact.

Moreover a civil debtor is only committed after a long judicial enquiry into his means and ability to pay; after he has been given every possible chance to pay or defend his non-payment; and in fact only when he is clearly evading payment wilfully.

In the case of the man in arrears with his maintenance order payments quite the opposite is true. To begin with, the mere *existence* of the debt is sufficient to secure his committal without his means to pay coming under consideration; indeed often enough the court doesn't bother to hear the man's side of the case at all. If the wife can prove he owes the debt, a committal order is made out automatically without even his presence in the court being demanded!

One begins to perceive, therefore, that when the author applies the adjective "scandalous" to this form of imprisonment he is scarcely guilty of exaggeration.

Harsh law, however, can usually be mitigated by humane administration. That in this case the administration is almost as bad as the law itself adds to the current conviction that the complete reformation of the police-courts is long overdue. The chapter devoted to "Comments on Our Police Courts" is full of the most interesting information as to this maladministration both in regard to debtors and ordinary offenders. Amongst the more outstanding points mentioned I was particularly impressed by the information that the process of committal has become so mechanical that magistrates have been known to express surprise at finding they have sent a man to prison; nothing, apparently, having been further from their intentions.

I should have imagined that nobody could read or listen to the evidence presented by Dr. Unwin without feeling a passionate desire to right such very palpable wrongs immediately; but those in authority over us do not, apparently, feel any such impatience; for though the author conducted his investigations at the request of the Prison Commissioners in 1933, presenting his report early in 1934, nothing whatever seems to have been done yet. This book, which makes public his report, is written, I imagine, in not unnatural exasperation at such a poor return for his very arduous labours both at the London Debtor's Prison and before the Commissioners themselves.

It would be unfair, however, to Dr. Unwin to suggest that there is anything bitter or recriminatory about his writing; indeed the

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

★

Slouch Hat

By MALCOLM BURR. *Illustrated.* With a foreword by Field-Marshal Lord Milne of Salonika. 15s.

A fascinating book of travels and adventures by the well-known naturalist and travel writer. He tells of his wanderings in Montenegro, and Northern Albania, and of life in a Serbian village after the war. He gives a most dramatic account of his experiences during the campaign in Macedonia.

Roman Britain

By C. M. FRANZERO. *Fully Illustrated.* 5s.

This is an ideal holiday book. The author tells how he made a journey through England, Wales, and the Scottish Border in search of the Britain that was a province of Rome. That he was successful is proved by his most delightful book with its splendid illustrations from actual photographs.

Germany's Air Force

By O. LEHMANN-RUSSBUELDT. 3s.

The author gives entirely new information on the development of Germany's air fleet, paying special attention to the possibility of gas and bacterial warfare. In this connection he gives details of recent experiments.

Controlling Depressions

By PAUL H. DOUGLAS. 10s. 6d.

The author analyses the main causes of the present economic depression, and points out a way in which future depressions may be eliminated or reduced.

World Reorganisation

On Corporative Lines

By G. de MICHELIS. 10s.

Discusses the possibility of putting into practice the principle of the co-ordination of the elements of production—man, land and raw materials, and capital, and suggests a collaboration among all the nations along these lines.

Sterilization

By REV. J. P. HINTON and J. E. CALCUTT. 5s.

The Rev. Herbert Gray says of this book: "It is *very* well done. Deep conviction lies behind it, and yet there is no exaggeration. . . . I have no hesitation whatever in recommending strongly the publication of this book."

book gains immeasurably from the cold, analytical manner in which he has presented his facts, and the endless care to which he has evidently gone to verify the many heartbreaking stories told him by imprisoned debtors gives the work an indisputable air of authenticity. T. HAMPTON.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Poems of To-morrow. An Anthology of Contemporary Verse Compiled by JANET ADAM SMITH. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.
Poems. By WILLIAM EMPSON. *Chatto and Windus.* 6s.

This anthology is Miss Adam Smith's second distillation from work already chosen by her as literary editor of the *Listener*. The metaphor is perhaps unfortunate, because it suggests that the poets in this volume have a higher boiling point than those rejected by her. One would expect the opposite, because the rejected are the older men, who should be the creatures of sediment, left in the flask. But those older men won't object, because they are already known, world-famous poets, with staggering sales of forty or fifty copies. Only one of them creeps into this volume: Mr. Conrad Aiken, already accepted in America as one of their classics, but not so well known in this country. He is well represented here with *Three Preludes*, characteristic work that stirs one's blood with a queer nostalgia and a sense of ideals baffled, and vision frustrated by the mischievous substance of life.

> She is of quicksilver. You might as well
> pillow your head on a cloud, as on that breast,
> or strive to sleep with a meteor; when you wake,
> she is gone, your own hand is under your cheek.

I suppose the time has passed for these experimentalists in verse to come prepared for antagonism. The older generation has doffed its hat to them and sat down prepared to study humbly, and to forswear, if necessary, its old allegiances. It feels a sense of responsibility, being trained as modern parents are trained. It will endorse Miss Adam Smith's remark that "a middle-aged man's failure to understand modern poetry may often show that he has not really understood his own son." That is rather a terrifying possibility nowadays, and the middle-aged will be grateful for Miss Adam Smith's Introduction, which is not only a well-written essay, concise and pointed, but a brave attempt to say something for all the work which follows it.

That work is, throughout, uncommonly interesting and frequently inspiring. There are real poets among these younger voices, artists who must resent being lumped together as a "school." John Hewitt's poem on *Ireland*, for example, has nothing in common with any of the others. It has an echo of Yeats, but it is strong on its own feet, its central idea being a firm piece of constructive criticism of the national temperament.

> We are not native here or anywhere.
> We were the keltic wave that broke over Europe,
> and ran up this bleak beach among these stones:
> but when the tide ebbed were left stranded here
> in crevices, and ledge protected pools
> that have grown salter with the drying up
> of the great common flow that kept us sweet
> with fresh cold draughts from deep down in the ocean.

Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis, each has his own quality distinct from the others. Auden's wit and stage-cunning are delightful. Amongst the men younger than these three I find that for me Clifford Dyment and Dylan Thomas stand out as poets possessing that quality which baffles one's mind, giving an uneasy pleasure that recalls one again and again to their poems in the effort to find out what is there. One wants to know more about this Dylan Thomas who

> Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
> My busy heart who shudders as she talks
> Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Mr. Empson is a literary dandy rather than a poet. He does juggling tricks with his intellect, rather as a Restoration gallant would ruffle it in St. James's Park. If one is in the mood for puzzling out these elaborately contrived pieces of sophistication, doubtless some wise decision of insight and personality might be discovered. But wisdom is usually simple. I cannot help being warned by Mr. Empson himself:

> But oh beware, whose vain
> Hydroptic soap my meagre water saves.

That sounds very antiseptic. One gets that impression from his work. He is the tenth muse, proclaiming the fine sterility of the operating theatre. RICHARD CHURCH

SMALL ACCOUNTS

The Bank would like to impress upon the public that its interests are by no means focussed only on 'big business'. By tradition as well as by deliberate policy, the Westminster Bank has always aimed at fostering the 'small' account.

Moreover, there is no sharper line of demarcation between 'big' and 'small' than between 'white' and 'black'; there are many greys between, and it has always been good business for the Bank to encourage the smaller account with confidence in its growth later on.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

A LEFT REVIEW

Challenge to the New Deal. Edited by ALFRED M. BINGHAM and SELDON RODMAN. *McGraw Hill.* 15s.

This book is an orderly collection of articles and drawings that have appeared in *Commonsense*, a weekly review started at the end of 1932 by Alfred Bingham and Seldon Rodman. It is a very instructive collection—all the more instructive because the articles are sometimes immature and the whole a search for a working radical policy rather than a consistent exposition of an agreed body of doctrine. "Two years ago," writes Professor Dewey in the Introduction, "there was much discussion of the fact that 'the intellectuals are turning left'. But there is no longer such a discussion, the intellectuals *are* left." The interest of this book is that it sprang from a realisation that to be "left" is not enough. It is an effort to discover what an intelligent young radical can do.

It begins by a realistic analysis of what is actually happening under the New Deal and the reasons for its failure as a remedy for "poverty in the midst of plenty." A score of writers, including radicals as distinguished as Theodore Dreiser, George Soule, John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson and John T. Flynn, survey the codes in operation and the reactions of Labour and big business to the whole Roosevelt effort. In the second part of the book Technocracy is examined and an attempt is made to decide how far Roosevelt could have succeeded if he had understood more clearly the capitalist forces that he only seemed to challenge. In answer to the question "Am I a technocrat?" Max Eastman concludes with some remarks that are really a summary of the main conclusions of the book—

> In short I am enough of a technocrat to define the true program for America as an alliance of the Left Wing of the technicians with the working class and the exploited farmers, led by men trained in economic, historical and social service, and consecrated to the task of capturing the political power, and engineering this change.

The last section is devoted to considering how to organise American "radicals" into an effective party. Here is much

Marxism, but a rejection of orthodox Communist tactics as non-applicable to the situation in the United States. The problem is how to make effective the discontent of the negro and of the poor white (now so easily captured by Huey Long), how to canalise into constructive channels the anger of Labour and the disillusion of the farmer and the middle-class. The conclusion that America must have a new and genuinely radical Third Party is obvious, but the plans remain necessarily immature. It is encouraging to find that the editors realise the dangers inherent in the effort to cut across old party lines and build a party based on varying types of discontent.

> There are two things to fear from such a movement. One is that timidity and ignorance in the local leadership will allow the movements to fritter themselves away on agrarian reform proposals and monetary panaceas, unable or unwilling to face the challenge of a system in collapse. The other is that the Fascist spirit of racial and national prejudice will rise to throw the movement into the hands of Fascist demagogues. It is because of these dangers that intelligent direction and leadership are so urgently called for. Organisations like the Farmer Labour Political Federation working on the outside, and New America, building a disciplined corps of younger convinced radicals that can work through a mass movement on the inside, are essential.

If all the radicalism represented in this book understands these dangers as clearly as it understands the need for a realistic revolutionary policy, we have here the nucleus of something certainly valuable and possibly momentous.

SHORTER NOTICE

Aristotle, Metaphysics, X-XIV, Oeconomica, Magna Moralia, translated by H. TREDENNICK, M.A. and G. C. ARMSTRONG, B.A.; **Philo, Vol. VI,** trans. by F. H. COLSON, M.A.; **Procopius, Vol. VI, Anecdota,** trans. by H. B. DEWING, Ph.D., L.H.D.; **Remains of Old Latin, Vol. I, Ennius and Caecilius,** trans. by E. H. WARMINGTON, M.A.; **Pausanias, Description of Greece, Vol. V,** prepared by R. E. WYCHERLEY, B.A. (Loeb Classics.) *Heinemann.* 10s. each vol., cloth; 12s. 6d. leather.

Even if three of these five new volumes were not continuations of versions already well known, their appearance in the Loeb series would be sufficient recommendation to readers. Mr. Tredennick concludes his translation of the *Metaphysics*, and adds some less known and less original of Aristotle's writings. Students of Philo are given more theological history in an adequate rendering, while there is an admirable translation of Procopius' *chronique scandaleuse* of the court of Constantinople in the sixth century—which admirers of Gibbon will remember provided the chief material for his account of Justinian's reign. Translations of the early Latin poets have long been wanted; but Mr. Warmington's English is often stilted, and his Introduction says little of the important place of Ennius in ancient "satire," and does not even mention the enormous debt of the Latin language itself to the "father of Roman poetry." The final volume of Pausanias contains only indices, maps, plans and photographs, to illustrate his tour of Greece. This is an experiment, and a successful one.

TOREADOR is away on holiday, and his City page does not appear this week.

Week-end Competitions

No. 281

Set by Martin Armstrong

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet, each line of which is a line from a well-known poet. No poet may be represented by more than two of the fourteen lines, nor must these two appear consecutively in the sonnet, though they may have been consecutive in their original context. For fear that the competitor should be better read than the setter, or should borrow the culture of a Dictionary of Quotations, references to sources must be given.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 9th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize

How it's done!

We are quite sure that time after time you have wondered how it's done—how those two brothers, with so much measuring, cutting and fitting to do, contrive to put forth such superlatively brilliant advertisements that reader after reader finds himself walking across Newgate Street from the Tube Station, whereas he had intended to be traversing Northumberland Avenue on his way to lunch at the National Liberal Club.

On this Bank Holiday week-end, we are going to lift the curtain on Goss's greatest secret—how it's done.

Time—A glorious Saturday afternoon in July.

Scene—A middle-aged man is discovered sitting by window overlooking garden. He is perplexed. A writing pad is on his knees—a fountain pen in his hand. It is too hot to think. Why does that miserable Advertisement Manager of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *demand his copy by Monday? Anyway, who wants to read about tailoring on Bank Holiday? However, the space is booked—and must be filled. Oh! blessed inspiration, where art thou? In desperation he seizes the current* NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. *He looks, without real hope, at the front page—China is mentioned—China—China—ah!—(He begins to write, almost feverishly at first, then settles down to a steady stride.) This is what he writes:*

"Chinese male babies, when a month old, are held over a table on which are laid paper models of articles representing various trades and professions. Whichever the baby first touches indicates his chosen occupation."

(*The stroke—then the follow-through*)

"Whether or no the Goss babies were taken out of their cradle and held thus over a table, and whether in attempting to reach the paper model of a butcher's axe they touched a pair of tailor's shears, history does not record. Suffice it to say that fate decreed that the Gosses were to be tailors. They have improved on fate by becoming good tailors."

So far the bottle hasn't been shaken. You are only tasting the sugar. The real medicine is at the bottom. You are now about to get it in one gulp!

The two brothers Goss, assisted by Mr. Whitehouse, do all the measuring, cutting and fitting personally. They employ only first-class sewing tailors and their selection of materials is wide in range, distinctive in design and durable in quality. A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay, the standard of Goss workmanship is the same.

[*Don't tell anyone our secret—or, if you must, please make certain he is not a tailor!*]

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *Phone: City 7159*

or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 279

Set by Allan M. Laing

Judging by some recent reports, competitors are feeling the heat and seem disinclined to scale the loftier cerebral heights. I wonder if they will find writing nonsense verse less exhausting? At all events, a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most amusing set of Nonsense Verses in not more than twenty-four lines. No set subject is insisted upon, but perhaps it will be found appropriate to regard holidays or the weather as a nucleus for the nonsense submitted.

Report by Allan M. Laing

Mr. L. V. Upward, in his brilliantly amusing, but far too sensible entry for this competition, rates the judge too high.

> "A judge," he remarked to his listening friends,
> "If he *is* a judge, knows what is best;
> But if he's a blighter, the wittiest writer
> Has no better chance than the rest."

By this standard I am almost a blighter. I have ploughed my way through some seventy entries and emerged bruised and bewildered, with severe numbing of the critical faculties; but I must confess that even now, I don t *know* which is the best. I have only a diffident opinion, which I find it hard to justify.

Though always miles off the Lear and Carroll heights, the general level was fairly high, with no outstanding peaks. All kinds of nonsense were represented: Jabberwocky, incoherence, incongruity, Celtic moonshine, travel tosh, spring bosh, and other sorts of which I can only say "Gosh!" and leave it at that. About half the competitors accepted my suggestion and wrote of holidays or the weather; but quite a number failed to make nonsense of either.

Probably the fairest way to settle this competition would be to buy a huge box of chocolates and let about two dozen of the competitors scramble for the contents. That being inadmissible, I suggest that the First Prize be divided between Alfred George, who deserves it for the incoherent gaiety of his *apéritif*, and "Phiz," whose "Holiday Album" would be worth seeing as well as reading about. The Second Prize goes to Guy Innes for the most successful imitation of Jabberwocky (though H. C. Riddell's "Morning in the Morgue" is nearly as good). And now let the numerous close runners-up assassinate me if they must: I have done my best.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

AN "APÉRITIF" IN THE SUN

Suit-case, passport and Mothersill's.
Dubonnet! Dubonnet! Dubonnet!
Somebody's Little Liver Pills.
"L'addition, s'il vous plaît!"
I'm sure I forgot to lock the door.
"Ne pas se pencher au dehors!"
Oh! What are the little saucers for?
Du beau! Du bon! Dubonnet!

Sept francs cinquante is two-and-three.
Dubonnet! Dubonnet! Dubonnet!
That girl in green's making eyes at me.
"L'addition, s'il vous plaît!"
I'll have some more of those "petits pois."
J'ai bien compris la premièr'fois.
But so many of them speak "patois."
Du beau! Du bon! Dubonnet!

"Visitez la Normandi!"
Dubonnet! Dubonnet! Dubonnet!
Where only the air is pure and free.
"L'addition, s'il vous plaît!"
I've lost two hundred francs at this game.
La salle de bains est au sixième!
C'qu'ils sont râleux, ces anglich's, tout de même!
Du beau! Du bon! Dubonnet!

ALFRED GEORGE

FIRST PRIZE (2)

MISS MARY MACAIRY'S HOLIDAY ALBUM

Mary MacAiry has been to Peru,
Riding astride an unusual gnu.
Here she is, climbing up Mount Fuji-yama.
(She is wearing a single magenta pyjama.)

Mary MacAiry has been to Péronne,
Riding astride an anonymous gnonne.
Here she is, fishing for sharks in the Nile.
(She coaxes them out by the charm of her smile.)

Mary MacAiry has been to Perim,
Riding astride an inquisitive gnim.
Here she is, painting sunrise on the Vosges.
(Using lightly boiled eggs; she's run out of gamboge.)

Mary MacAiry has been to Perak,
Riding astride an immaculate gnak.
Here she is, diving for pearls in the Somme.
(What Gusto! What Brio! What Geist! What Aplomb!)

Mary MacAiry has been to Perugia,
Riding astride a euglutinous gnugia.
Here she is, pegging wild tents at Lahore.
(Surrounded by Sikhs singing songs from Tagore.)

Mary MacAiry's back home in Pershore.
(And gnugia, gnim, gnak, gnonne, gnu are gno gmore.)
She's invited her friends in the Parish, to show 'em
The snapshots described in this Probable Poem.

PHIZ

SECOND PRIZE

GRAMOPHOBIA

Hurdledegurdledy, toodely-oo!
Bangawhang, shellawhang, hullabaloo!
The twilight has twirdled the town and its shams
And brings respirescence to fathers of fams:
But *why* will they jargonate irxitant grams?

The gloam is puckwidgie, and smeeth would efflore
If the irxitant grams didn't grubble and groar;
The sweetest suspunction of silence would droom
If I slambled the window of every room—
But blumphled fluftation would then be my doom!

Give me ease, give me air, give me lungable breath,
And gaffle the grams in the swarthness of death!
How stillsome and flooth could suburbity be
Were the gramsters abstorted by felo-de-se—
For I daminate grams, and they scruciate me!

GUY INNES

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 136.—THE PAPER CHASE

[Another composition by A. G. Stripp. For permission to publish these problems I am indebted both to Mr. Stripp and to Messrs. T. De La Rue and Co., the owners of the copyright.]

The local newsagent of the celebrated Garden City of Higher Purchess, Beds, has five customers in Shady Lane, where the houses have most picturesque names, and to each one of them he regularly delivers a weekly paper, the title of which is a clear indication of each customer's hobby.

Last week, however, a different newsboy took over the round, with the unfortunate result that the papers were all delivered to the wrong houses. Each customer received one, but not the proper one. Mr. Allen had *The Radio Review*; the motorist had a copy of *Camera Chat*, the regular reader of which received instead the paper that should have gone to Mr. Dixon. Mr. Bennett's paper was delivered at "Elmdene"; the paper that should have been delivered there went to "Fircroft." Mr. Evans had Mr. Campbell's paper, while Mr. Campbell had the paper which should have been left at "Ashbourne." A copy of *Fruit and Flowers* went to "Oakhurst," the gardening enthusiast received the "Beechmead" paper, while at "Beechmead" the latest number of *Chisel, Saw and Plane* put in an unexpected appearance.

Where does Evans live?
What paper should have been delivered at "Fircroft"?
Who reads "The Motoring Mercury"?

PROBLEM 134.—HIS SUBJECT IS YOUR OBJECT

(Mr. A. G. Stripp's solution)

The subjects are:

1. English
2. Mathematics
3. Latin
4. French
5. German
6. History
7. Geography
8. Physics
9. Chemistry

And each may be denoted by its appropriate numeral.

Every candidate must take

(*a*) 1
(*b*) 2
(*c*) 3 or 8 or 9
(*d*) any two others, except that if (*c*) is not 3, (*d*) must include at least one of 4 and 5.

Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

THE forty-fourth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, July 31st, at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said: It is a matter of great disappointment to your directors, although I believe of little surprise to shareholders, that we are unable to recommend the declaration of a dividend. Those of you who follow at all closely the trend of shipping business will not have expected any dividend on the Ordinary capital, and therefore for the second year in succession we must break our previous forty-year record of continuous dividend payments. The usual half-yearly dividends on the £1,500,000 Preference capital have, of course, been paid in the ordinary way.

I regret that with few exceptions our subsidiary shipowning companies have paid no dividends, but the majority of our ancillary undertakings have continued to make satisfactory profits having regard to existing conditions.

I made particular reference last year to our Bermuda interests. The number of passengers carried in the year 1934–5 was in excess of the previous year, but there were periods during which the travel was not sufficient to justify the continuous employment of both the Monarch of Bermuda and the Queen of Bermuda. Although we have no direct steamship service to Bermuda from this side, the Cunard White Star Line and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have joined with us in giving round trip facilities to Bermuda and home via New York or *vice versa*, and it is hoped that these facilities will attract an increasing number of visitors from this side.

As regards the Pacific Coast trade, we have endeavoured to rationalise our sailings, and by agreement with the Royal Mail Lines and the Holland Amerika Line we give a regular joint service to all the principal discharging ports in the United Kingdom. We are, however, still subjected to severe competition by lines which have had no share in building up the trade, and whose entry into the conference is facilitated by the regulations which prevail in the United States.

In regard to the current year, there are many features which give your directors encouragement and which should yield us increased revenue, not the least of which is a very gratifying increase in the summer travel to Bermuda. The report was adopted.

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX INHALANT

for Summer Colds

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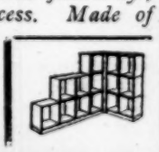

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Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

The possible selections therefore are :

	With Latin.				Without Latin.		
(15)	3	4	5	(12)	4	5	8
	3	4	6		4	5	9
	3	4	7		4	6	8
	3	4	8		4	6	9
	3	4	9		4	7	8
	3	5	6		4	7	9
	3	5	7		4	8	9
	3	5	8		5	6	8
	3	5	9		5	6	9
	3	6	7		5	7	8
	3	6	8		5	7	9
	3	6	9		5	8	9
	3	7	8				
	3	7	9				
	3	8	9	with 1 and 2 in each case.			

There are 7 possible Language selections, namely :

A.	3		
B.		4	
C.			5
D.	3	4	
E.	3		5
F.		4	5
G.	3	4	5

Of these, four include Latin and three do not ; thus the numbers of candidates in the three Classes are :

Special, 7 (A, B, C, D, E, F and G). Latin, 11. Non-Latin, 9.

In the Special Class A, B and C need two more subjects ; D, E and F need one more ; and G's set of five is complete. The four different subjects 6, 7, 8 and 9 must be distributed among A, D and E (all of whom take Latin), among B, D and F (all of whom take French), and among C, E and F (all of whom take German). B, C and F all need either 8 or 9.

Satisfying these conditions the distribution can be made in any one of four ways ; but only one of these satisfies the additional conditions that 8 (Physics) occurs three times, and that one selection which does not include 8 includes both 6 and 4 (History and French).

This required distribution is :

A.	3					8	9
B.		4			7	8	
C.			5	6		8	
D.	3	4		6			
E.	3		5		7		
F.		4	5				9

It follows at once that the selections of subjects by candidates in the three different Classes are :

Special.	Latin.	Non-Latin.
3 4 5	3 4 7	4 5 8
3 4 6	3 4 8	4 6 8
3 5 7	3 4 9	4 6 9
3 8 9	3 5 6	4 7 9
4 5 9	3 5 8	4 8 9
4 7 8	3 5 9	5 6 9
5 6 8	3 6 7	5 7 8
	3 6 8	5 7 9
	3 6 9	5 8 9
	3 7 8	
	3 7 9	with 1 and 2 in each case ;

and the numbers of candidates taking the various subjects are :

	Special.	Latin.	Non-Latin.
3. (Latin)	4	11	—
4. (French) ..	4	3	5
5. (German) ..	4	3	5
6. (History) ..	2	4	3
7. (Geography) ..	2	4	3
8. (Physics) ..	3	4	5
9. (Chemistry) ..	2	4	6

The only instance of one number being three times another occurs in the last line ;

∴ *The Master's subject was Chemistry.*

PROBLEM 133.—BEAUTY QUEENS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : E. M. Winterbotham, Elmslie, Beaconsfield.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

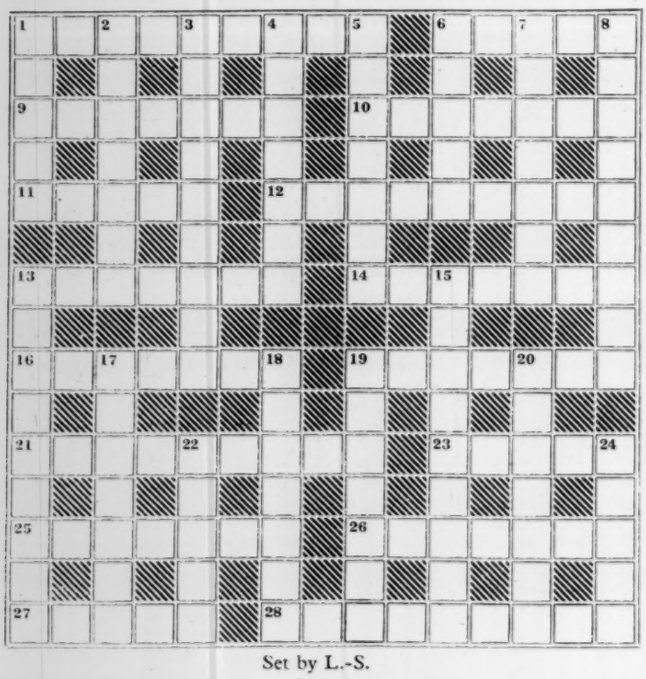
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 282

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
K. Knowles, 6, Manor Road, Watford, Herts.

ACROSS

1. Horticultural description of Titania's couch.
6. Ramblers do even when they are not mountaineers.
9. The poet's recompense.
10. Mischievous rendering of Reynard.
11. Describes the heir to a T.
12. Is this what the fishmonger does to you by way of greeting ?
13. Laid ready to light of course.
14. Bloody result of butchery.
16. The eldest of them wisely refused to leave his bed.
19. Sounds like a branch off the tree worshipfully speaking.
21. Legal party to a straightforward quarrel presumably.
23. Sounds like a carrying quality.
25. A religious officer I am deductively.
26. The "miserable" vice.
27. You need to furnish.
28. Sapling for the cinder path ?

DOWN

1. Professional boxers would of course object to a free one.
2. What the umpire might say when the last ball before lunch has been bowled.
3. This vintage should obviously never be put into new bottles.
4. Irish families would no doubt like to ban her.
5. He probably twigs the answer.
6. Horses often get attached to them.
7. To a goddess I'm IT.
8. Sir Henry might be said to have laboured to become a peer.
13. This is the guide's job at this spot.
15. It runs away from town.
17. A danger signal in the sky ?
18. Face for a boy on the way to school in the morning.
19. City for an American animal.
20. A vehicle carrying nothing in a musical form.
22. The hangman makes capital use of it.
24. The fourth of Daniel's visionary beasts had iron ones.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

H	A	N	D	M	A	D	E	■	S	L	O	W	E	D
A	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	A	■	A	■	I
L	A	N	D	L	O	R	D	■	S	W	E	L	L	S
T	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	C	■	N	■	K	■	P
E	N	G	L	A	N	D	E	R	■	M	O	O	S	E
R	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	V	■	N
■	■	■	O	B	T	A	I	N	■	W	E	E	D	S
U	■	G	■	A	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	E
P	A	R	E	R	■	L	U	S	T	R	E	■	■	■
S	■	A	■	T	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	T	■	R
T	I	N	G	E	■	W	I	L	D	G	O	O	S	E
A	■	D	■	N	■	S	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	C
I	N	S	I	D	E	■	C	R	O	S	S	C	U	T
R	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	G	■	T	■	A	■	O
S	E	N	T	R	Y	■	B	E	L	O	W	P	A	R

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. M., W., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. Gay Deceivers. Mon. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

HIPPODROME. Love Laughs—! M., Th. & S.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls, Tu., F.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., S., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
EXTRA MATINEE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

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WED. NEXT, Aug. 7, at 8.30, subs. Evgs., 6.30 & 9.
Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
TULIP TIME.
GEORGE GEE, STEVE GERAY,
JEAN COLIN, SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, BERNARD CLIFTON.

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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., MON., Bank Holiday, & SAT., 2.30.
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MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
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STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
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SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

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